



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

HEARTY STAVES
OF
HEART MUSIC.

SELECTED BY
J. FRISKINE CLARKE, M.A.

LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO.,
FARRINGTON STREET.

PRICE FOURPENCE.



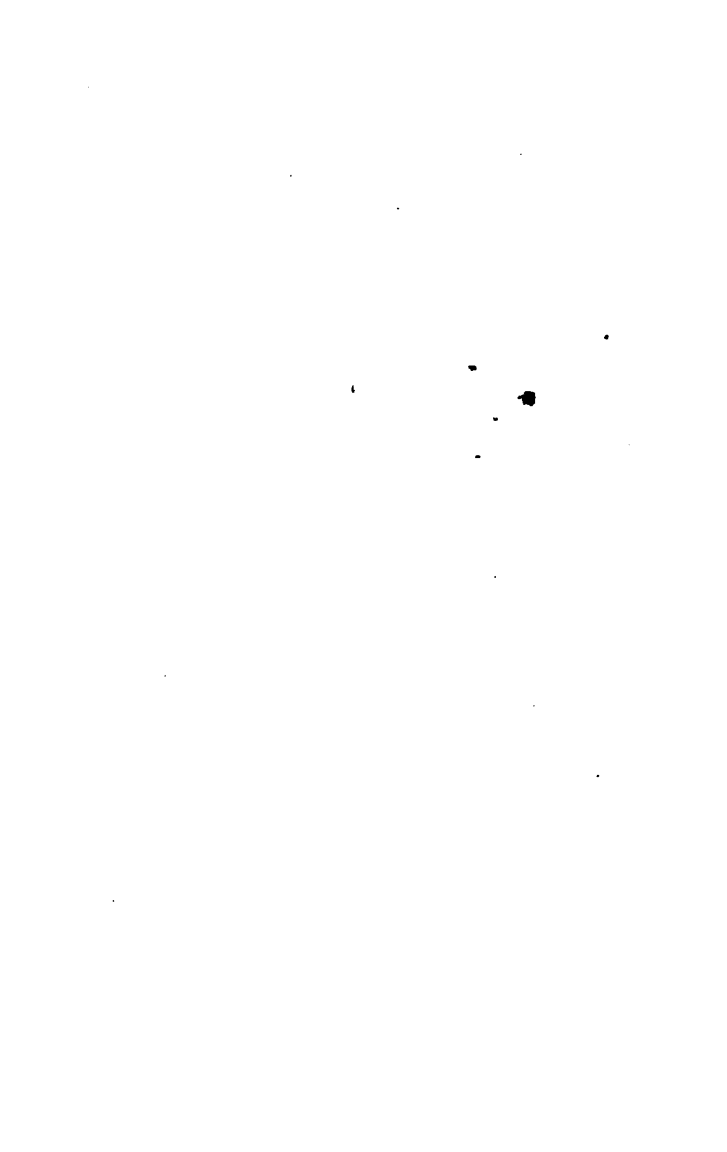
600087484.





600087484.







HEARTY STAVES

OF

HEART - MUSIC.

TO THOSE

WHO HAVE THE BEST RIGHT TO REAL RECREATION,
(THE CREATION OF FRESH STRENGTH FOR COMING WORK,)

AND WHO NEED IT MOST,

THIS LITTLE BOOK IS CORDIALLY DEDICATED BY

J. ERSKINE CLARKE, M.A.,

Hon. Secretary of the Derby Working Men's Association; Compiler
of "Heart-Music, a Poetry-Book for Working-People;"
Author of "Children at Church."

LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND CO.,

WARRENGTON STREET, AND BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK.

1858.

280. S. 216.



PREFACE.

SONG is a God-appointed way of lightening labour and brightening leisure; but if we listen to the songs which those sing whose labour most needs lightening, and whose leisure most needs brightening, or if we look through the cheap song-books current among them, we find that too often, amid much that is good and true, there is mixed up the poison of impure inuendo or the mawkish sentiments which lead to discontent, instead of inspiring to "patient continuance in well-doing." As he has failed to find any really cheap collection which was altogether free from these objections, and which was worthy of the name of a "Working People's Song-book," the Compiler (at the request of the Secretaries of several book-hawking societies) has made this little selection, by no means as coming up to his own ideal, but simply to serve till some abler hand produces a better.

He tenders his cordial thanks to the Authors of the words, and the Proprietors of the copyright, for the permissions to use them, so freely given. And if he has unwittingly made any mistake in this matter, he trusts that he may be informed of it, that it may be apologized for and rectified.

THE COMPILER.

HEARTY STAVES.

SONG.

BARRY CORNWALL.—Music in "Hullah's Vocal Scores."

SONG should breathe of scents and flowers ;
Song should like a river flow ;
Song should bring back scenes and hours
That we loved, ah ! long ago ;
Song from baser thoughts should win us,
Song should charm us out of woe,
Song should stir the heart within us,
Like a patriot's friendly blow.

Pains and pleasures, all man doeth,
War and peace, and right and wrong,
All things that the soul subdueth
Should be vanquish'd, too, by song.
Song should spur the mind to duty,
Nerve the weak and stir the strong ;
Every deed of truth and beauty
Should be crown'd by starry song.

For Camp and Cabin.

THE BOY IN BLUE.

ELIZA COOK.—Music at Cocks's.

CHEER up, cheer up, my mother dear,
Oh, why do you sit and weep ?
Do you think that He, who guards me here,
Forsakes me on the deep ?
Let hope and faith illumine the glance
That sees the bark set sail !

Farewell to George, the *jolly boat*,
 And all the *little craft afloat*
 In home's delightful bay.
 When they arrive at *sailing age*,
 May wisdom give the *weather-gauge*,
 And guide them on their way.

Farewell to all; on life's rude main
 Perhaps we ne'er may meet again,
 Through *stress* of stormy weather.
 But, summon'd by the *Board above*,
 We'll *harbour* in the *port of love*,
 And all be *moor'd* together.
 Farewell, farewell.

THE SOLDIER'S TEAR.

J. H. BAYLY.—Music at Duff and Hodgson's.

UPON the hill he turn'd
 To take a last fond look
 Of the valley and the village church,
 And the cottage by the brook;
 He listen'd to the sounds
 So familiar to his ear;
 And the soldier lean'd upon his sword,
 And wiped away a tear.

Beside the cottage porch
 A girl was on her knees.
 She held aloft a snowy scarf
 Which flutter'd in the breeze:
 She breathed a prayer for him,
 A prayer he could not hear,
 But he paused to bless her as she knelt,
 And wiped away a tear.

He turn'd and left the spot,
 Oh, do not deem him weak,
 For dauntless was the soldier's heart,
 Though tears were on his cheek.

Go watch the foremost ranks
In danger's dark career,
Be sure the hand most daring there
Has wiped away a tear.

THE SAILOR'S TEAR.

Music at J. F. Harris's.

HE leap'd into his boat, as it lay upon the strand,—
But, oh! his heart was far away with friends upon
the land; [infant dear,
He thought of those he loved the best—a wife and
And feeling fill'd the sailor's breast,—the sailor's eye
a tear.

They stood upon the far-off cliff, and waved a kerchief
white, [of sight ;
And gazed upon his gallant bark till she was out
The sailor cast a look behind, no longer they were
near, [a tear.
Then to the canvas raised his eye, and wiped away
Ere long o'er ocean's blue expanse his sturdy bark
has sped, [ahead ;
The gallant sailor from her prow descries a sail
And then he raised his mighty arm, for Britain's foe
was near,— [tear.
Ay, then he raised his arm—but not to wipe away a

Farewell, mother ! dearest mother !
 Do not grieve, I shall return
 Crown'd with laurels ; pray do smother
 That sad sigh ! Oh, do not mourn,
 You unman me with your kindness :
 Oh ! chase these tears from off thy brow ;
 Now round thy lips sweet smiles are creeping !
 Bless thee, mother —farewell, now !

Farewell, sister ! do not weep so,
 Though I leave thee for awhile ;
 I'll love thee still while on the deep, now
 Cheer my heart with thy sweet smile.
 Soothe our mother with thy kindness,
 And I'll bless thee when away !
 Oh, forgive my youthful blindness !
 Thanks, dear sister—farewell, say !

Farewell, brother ! be a kind one,
 Protect our mother—I'm away.
 Hark ! the gun ! 'tis to remind me
 On shore I must no longer stay.
 The anchor's weigh'd, the sails are spreading,
 The boat is waiting in the bay ;
 Farewell, all my kind relations,
 Pray for me when far away.



A BLESSING ON THE OUTWARD BOUND

Hon. Mrs. Norton.—Music at Chappell's.

A BLESSING on the outward bound,
 Wherever they may go,
 From hills and dales their fathers own'd,
 Or cottage poor and low.
 'Tis no slight thing to part from home,
 Whate'er that home may be ;
 To trust a doubtful future, on
 The wild and stormy sea.

But while the tide of life rolls on,
 The mighty stream must flow ;
 Then blessings on the outward bound
 Wherever they may go.

A blessing on the outward bound,
 The noble and the true,
 Who've wrestled long with poverty,
 Which they shall conquer too.
 The earth was made for man to share,
 And worthy it are they,
 Those brave and bold adventurers,
 Our proud ships bear away.
 To freedom and to sunny lands,
 Still may the breezes blow ;
 May God protect the outward bound,
 Wherever they may go !

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Music at Davidson's.

THE hour was sad I left the maid,
 A ling'ring farewell taking,
 Her sighs and tears my steps delay'd,
 I thought her heart was breaking ;
 In hurried words her name I bless'd,
 I breathed the vows that bind me,
 And to my heart in anguish press'd,
 The girl I left behind me.

Then to the East we bore away
 To win a name in story,
 And there where dawns the sun of day,
 There dawn'd our sun of glory.
 Both blazed in noon on Alma's height,
 Where in the post assign'd me,
 I shared the glory of that fight,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

Full many a name our banners bore,
 Of former deeds of daring;
 But they were of the deeds of yore,
 In which we had no sharing;
 But now our laurels freshly won,
 With the old ones shall entwined be,
 Still worthy of our sires each son,
 Sweet girl I left behind me.

The hope of final victory,
 Within my bosom burning,
 Is mingled with sweet thoughts of thee,
 And of my glad returning.
 But should I ne'er return again,
 Still worth thy love thou'lt find me,
 Dishonour's breath shall never stain
 The name I leave behind me.

YEO HEAVE HO!

C. DIBDIN.—Music at Davidson's.

THE boatswain calls! the wind is fair:
 The anchor heaving,
 Our sweethearts leaving,

We to duty must repair,
 Where our stations well we know.
 Cast off haulyards from the cleets!
 Stand by well! clear all the sheets!

Come, my boys!
 Your handspikes poise,
 And give one general huzza!
 Yet, sighing, as you pull away,
 For the tears ashore that flow,
 To the windlass let us go,
 With Yeo heave ho!

The anchor coming now a-peak,
 Lest the ship, striving,
 Be on it driving,
 That we the tap'ring ring-yards must seek,

And back the fore top-sail, well we know ;—
 A pleasing duty ! from aloft
 We faintly see those charms, where oft,
 When returning,
 With passion burning,
 We fondly gaze on eyes that seem,
 In parting, with big tears to stream.
 But come ! lest ours as fast should flow,
 To the windlass once more go,
 With Yeo heave ho !

Now the ship is under way,
 The breeze so willing,
 The canvas filling,
 The press'd triangle cracks the stay.
 So taut to haul the sheet, we know.
 And now in trim we gaily sail,—
 The massy beam receives the gale ;
 While, freed from duty,
 To his beauty,
 Left on the less'ning shore afar,
 A fervent sigh heaves ev'ry tar,
 To thank those tears for him that flow,
 That from his true love he should go,
 With Yeo heave ho !

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Music at Davidson's.

Oh, Britannia ! the Pride of the Ocean,
 The home of the brave and the free,
 The shrine of each patriot's devotion,
 The world offers homage to thee.
 At thy mandate heroes assemble,
 When liberty's form stands in view,
 Thy banners make tyrants to tremble,
 When borne by the red, white, and blue.

When war spread its wide desolation,
 And threaten'd the land to deform,
 The ark of Freedom's foundation,
 Britannia, rode safe through the storm;
 With her garland of Victory round her,
 So bravely she bore up her crew,
 And her flag floated proudly before her,
 The boast of the red, white, and blue.
 The wine cup, the wine cup, bring hither,
 And fill it up true to the brim,
 May the wreath Nelson won never wither,
 Nor the star of his glory grow dim.
 May the service united ne'er sever,
 But still to her colours prove true,
 The Army and Navy for ever!
 Three cheers for the red, white, and blue!

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

YE mariners of England,
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved a thousand years
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again,
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy tempests blow.
 The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave!
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And ocean was their grave;
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,

HEART-MUSIC.

As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below ;
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor-flag of England,
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS.

Music at Cramer, Beale, and Chappell's.

SOME talk of Alexander,
And some of Hercules ;
Of Hector and Lysander,
And such great names as these ;
But of all the world's brave heroes,
There's none that can compare,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row,
Of the British Grenadier.

Whene'er we are commanded
 To storm the palisades,
 Our leaders march with fuses,
 And we with hand grenades;
 We throw them from the glacis
 About the enemy's ears,
 Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 The British Grenadiers.

And when the siege is over,
 We to the town repair,
 The townsmen cry, Hurrah! boys,
 Here comes a Grenadier;
 Here come the Grenadiers, my boys,
 Who know no doubts or fears,
 Then sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,
 The British Grenadiers.

Then let us fill a bumper,
 And drink a health to those
 Who carry caps and pouches,
 And wear the loup-ed clothes;
 May they and their commanders
 Live happy all their years,
 With a tow, row, row, row, row, row.
 For the British Grenadiers.

HEARTS OF OAK.

D. GARRICK.—Music at D'Almaine and Co.'s.

COME, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
 To add something more to this wonderful year;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves?

Hearts of oak are our ships,

Gallant tars are our men;

We always are ready,

Steady, boys, steady!

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away;
 If they run, why we follow, or run them ashore,
 For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes!
 They frighten our women, our children, and beaux;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea,
 Her standard is justice—her watchword, "Be free!"
 Then cheer up, my lads! with one heart let us sing,
 "Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and king."

Hearts of oak, &c.

STAND TO YOUR GUNS.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

STAND to your guns, my hearts of oak!

Let not a word on board be spoke,

Victory soon will crown the joke—

Be silent and be ready.

Ram home your guns, and sponge them well,

Let us be sure the balls will tell,

The cannon's roar shall sound their knell,

Be steady, boys, be steady!

Not yet—nor yet—nor yet—reserve your fire, I do

Now the elements do rattle, [desire:—Fire!

The gods, amazed, behold the battle:

A broadside, my boys!

See the blood, in purple tide,

Trickle down her batter'd side;

Wing'd with fate, the bullets fly—

Conquer, boys, or bravely die.

Hurl destruction on your foes—

She sinks—huzza!

To the bottom down she goes.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

ELIZA COOK.—Music at Duff and Co.'s.

THERE'S a land that bears a world-known name,
Tho' it is but a little spot;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.

There's a flag that floats o'er every sea,
No matter when or where,
And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
Is more than the strongest dare.
For the lion-spirits that tread the deck,
Have carried the palm of the brave,
And that flag may sink with a shot-torn wreck,
But never float o'er a slave.
Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
The flag of a true-born Englishman.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
And boldly claim his right,
For he calls such a vast domain his own,
That the sun never sets on his might.
Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
The place of his home and birth,
And a flush will glow from cheek to brow,
While he tells of his native earth.
'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
That's breathed in the words, "I'm an English-
man."

HURRAH FOR MERRY ENGLAND!

BARRY CORNWALL.

HURRAH for the land of England!

Firm-set in the subject sea;

Where the women are fair,

And the men (like air)

Are all lovers of liberty.

Hurrah for merry England!

Long life, without strife, for England.

Hurrah for the spirit of England!

The merry, the true, the free;

Who stretcheth her hand,

With a Queen's command,

All over the circling sea.

Hurrah for merry England!

Long life, without strife, for England.

Let tyrants rush forth on the nations,

And strive to chain down the free;

But do thou stand fast,

From the first to the last,

For "The Right" wheresoever it be.

O merry, O merry England!

Long life to the spirit of England.

Hurrah for Victoria of England!

Our friend, as a Queen should be;

Who casteth aside

All useless pride,

And leans on her people free.

Hurrah for the Queen of England!

The boast of merry England.

The Queen is the boast of England,

Her guards are her ships at sea;

But her beauty lies

In her woman's eyes,

And her strength in her people free.

So, three cheers for merry England,
 For the Queen and the free men of Eng
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

RULE BRITANNIA.

JAMES THOMSON.—Music at Cocks and Co.'s.

WHEN Britain first, at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of the land,
 And guardian angels sang this strain :
 Rule Britannia! Britannia, rule the wave;
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall ;
 While thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful for each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies,
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to pull thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And ev'ry shore it circles thine.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coasts repair,
 Blest isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 Rule Britannia! &c.

ST. GEORGE'S FLAG OF ENGLAND.

GEO. INMAN, Esq.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

THE flag of England's glory, it hath roam'd o'er
 land and wave, [brave;
 'Tis the dreaded flag of story, the banner of the
 O'er the realms of its allegiance the daylight never
 dies;
 In earth's remotest regions in haughty pride it flies.
 For ages hath it flaunted, uncheck'd and uncon-
 troll'd, [England,
 Ever daunting, never daunted, St. George's flag of
 The banner of the bold!

Health is borne beneath its glory, by each breeze and
 billow curl'd, [world.
 To the nation named in story the Merchant of the
 Earth's firmest hearts in daring, its honour to de-
 fend, [friend,
 The warmest hearts for wearing the noble name of
 And the women, Nature's brightest, dwell beneath
 the banner old, [England,
 Of the mighty ones the mightiest, St. George's flag of
 The banner of the bold!

THE BAY OF BISCAY.

DIEDIN.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

LOUD roars the dreadful thunder,
 The rain a deluge showers,
 The clouds were rent asunder
 By lightning's vivid powers;
 The night both drear and dark,
 Our poor devoted bark,
 Till next day there she lay,
 In the Bay of Biscay, O!

And should a footstep haply stray
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there?—Stranger, quickly tell!"
"A friend."—The word—"Good night—all's well."
Or, sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patrols the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer? oh, brother, quickly tell!"
"Above!—below!—good night—all's well!"

I SEE THEM ON THEIR WINDING WAY.

Bishop HEBER.—Music at Chappell and Co.'s.

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play,
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory;
And waving arms and banners bright
Are glancing in the mellow light.
They're lost and gone, the moon is past—
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast,
And fainter, fainter, fainter still,
The moon is rising o'er the hill.
Again, again the pealing drum,
The clashing horn, they come, they come;
Thro' rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep,
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their soften'd chorus meets the ear.
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way,
The tramping hoofs brook no delay.
With thrilling fife and pealing drum
And clashing horn they come, they come.

OUR GOOD SHIP.

GEORGE LINLEY.—Music at Campbell's.

OUR good ship flies before the gale,
 Like a falcon bold and free;
 The wind that fills each snow-white sail,
 Whistles loud o'er the foaming sea:
 But what care we though the tempest rave
 And the tall masts bend on high?
 We have breasted oft the angry wave
 'Neath a dark and frowning sky,
 'Mid the thunder's pealing crash,
 And the lightning's vivid flash;
 Then quail not, mariner! drown ev'ry fear,
 Let hope inspire each lip;
 The Hand that rules the storm will steer
 In safety our good ship.

See! see! aloft, yon guiding star
 Foretells that the danger is o'er,
 And memory points to our homes afar,
 To the hearts that we left on shore.
 If thinking of those, whom we fondly love,
 Hath chilled one manly breast,
 Breathe a prayer to Him who reigns above,
 Who hath lull'd the waves to rest.
 When yawns a wat'ry grave,
 His arm is nigh to save.
 Then never despair, though peril be near,
 Let Hope inspire each lip;
 The Hand that rules the storm will steer
 In safety our good ship.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

E. SERJEANT.—Music at Davidson's.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
 A home on the rolling deep,
 Where the scatter'd waters rave,
 And the winds their revels keep;

WHAT WILL THEY SAY IN ENGLAND?

J. B. MONSELL.

WHAT will they say in England,
When there the story's told
Of deeds of might, on Alma's height,
Done by the brave and bold?
Of Russia, proud at noontide,
Humbled ere set of sun?—
They'll say 'twas like old England,
They'll say 'twas nobly done!

What will they say in England,
When, hush'd in awe and dread,
Fond hearts through all our happy homes
Think of the mighty dead—
And muse in speechless anguish
On father, brother, son?
They'll say, in dear Old England,
God's holy will be done!

What will they say in England,
The matron and the maid,
Whose widow'd, wither'd hearts have found
The price that each has paid—
The gladness that their homes have lost,
For all the glory won?—
They'll say, in Christian England,
God's holy will be done!

What will they say in England?
Our names, both night and day,
Are in their hearts, and on their lips,
When they laugh, or weep, or pray;
They watch on earth—they plead with heaven.
Then forward to the fight!
Who droops or fears, when England cheers,
And God defends the right?

THE CONQUERING HERO.

Music at Z. T. Purday's, Holborn.

SEE! the conquering hero comes!
Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.
Sports prepare, the laurel bring,
Songs of triumph to him sing.

See the god-like youth advance!
Breathe the flutes, and lead the dance.
Myrtles wreathe, and roses twine,
To deck the hero's brow divine.

THE JACKETS OF BLUE.

A. LEE.—Music at Hime and Son's, Liverpool.

THE lads are all singing,
The bells are all ringing,
The lasses are trimming their caps all anew,
The young and the old come,
The great and the small come,
And all for to welcome the jackets of blue.
They come from the war far over the wave,
They, who would not fight 'neath the flag of the brave;
The poorest, the proudest the land can afford,
The war-cry of Freedom will all draw the sword.
Hear hurrah! hurrah! for the jackets of blue,
For the brave British tars in their jackets of blue.

Each tar has a story
To tell of his glory,
His battles all gory, his duty to do;
Through climes still a ranger,
He braves every danger,
For fear is a stranger to jackets of blue.
His ship, trimm'd so gaily, now gallantly rides,
With broad pennant waving—the queen of the tides.
The lasses all vow that none love so true,
For the brave British tars in their jackets of blue!

THE CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

T. MOORE.—Music at Addison's.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time ;
Soon as the woods on shore grow dim,
We'll sing to St. Ann our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sails unfurl ?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl ;
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh ! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawa's tide ! this trembling moon
Shall see us float o'er thy surges soon.
Saint of the green isle ! hear our prayers,
Grant us, kind Heaven, favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

NEALE.

COME, messmates, 'tis time to hoist the sail,
It is fair as fair can be ;
And the eddying tide, and the northerly gale,
Will carry us out to sea.
So down with the boat from the beach so steep,
We must part with the setting sun ;
For ere we can spread our nets in the deep
We've a weary way to run.

HEART-MUSIC.

As through the night watches we drift about,
We'll think of the times that are fled,
And of Him who once call'd other fishermen out,
To be fishers of men instead.

Like us they had hunger and cold to bear;
Rough weather, like us, they knew;
And He, who guarded them by His care,
Full often was with them too.

'Twas the fourth long watch of a stormy night,
And but little way they had made,
When He came o'er the waters and stood in their sig
And their hearts were sore afraid;
But He cheer'd their spirits, and said, "It is I,"
And then they could fear no harm.
And though we cannot behold Him nigh,
He is guarding us still with His arm.

They had toil'd all the night, and had taken nang
He commanded the stormy sea,
They let down their nets, and of fishes caught
An hundred and fifty-three.
And good success to our boats He will send,
If we trust in His mercy aright;
For He pitieth those who at home depend
On what we shall take to-night.

And if ever in danger and fear we are toss'd
About on the stormy deep,
We'll tell how they once thought that all was lost
When their Lord "was fast asleep."
He saved them then—He can save us still—
For His are the winds and the sea,
And if He is with us, we'll fear no ill,
Whatever the danger be.

Or if He see fit that our boat should sink,
By a storm or a leak, like lead,
Yet still of the glorious day we'll think,
When the sea shall yield her dead;

For they who depart in His faith and fear,
Shall find their passage is short,
From the troublesome waves that beset life here
To the everlasting port.

THE MARINER'S SONG.

CUNNINGHAM.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

‘ Oh, for a soft and gentle wind ! ’
I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high !
And white waves heaving high, my boys
The good ship tight and free :
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There’s tempest in yon hornèd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
And, hark ! the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free ;
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage—the sea.

“HOW CHEERY ARE THE MARINERS!”

PARK BENJAMIN.—Music by Dempster.

How cheery are the mariners—
Those lovers of the sea !
Their hearts are like its yeasty waves,
As bounding and as free.
They whistle when the storm-bird wheels
In circles round the mast ;
And sing when, deep in foam, the ship
Ploughs onward to the blast.

What care the mariners for gales ?
There's music in their roar,
When wide the berth along the lee,
And leagues of room before.
Let billows toss to mountain heights,
Or sink to chasms low,
The vessel stout will ride it out,
Nor reel beneath the blow.

With streamers down and canvas furl'd,
The gallant hull will float,
Securely as, on inland lake,
Floats the toy pleasure-boat ;
And sound asleep some mariners,
And some, with watchful eyes,
Will fearless be of dangers dark,
That roll along the skies.

God keep those cheery mariners !
And temper all the gales
That sweep against the rocky coast
To their storm-shatter'd sails ;
And men on shore will bless the ship
That could so guided be,
Safe in the hollow of His hand,
To brave the mighty sea !

THE BOATIE ROWS.

WEEL may the boatie row,
And better may she speed ;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread !
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !
I cast my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine ;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed !
O, weel may the boatie row
That fills a heavy creel,
And clothes us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed !
When Jamie vow'd he would be mine,
And wan frae me my heart,
O, muckle lighter grew my creel !
He swore we'd never part.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And muckle lighter is the lade
When love bears up the creel.
My kurtch I put upon my head,
And dress'd mysel' fu' braw ;
I trow my heart was dowf and wac,
When Jamie gaed awa'.

But weel may the boatie row,
And lucky be her part ;
And lightsome be the lassie's care
That yields an honest heart !

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie
Are up, and gotten lear,
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel ;
And lightsome be her heart that bears
The merlin and the creel !

And when wi' age we are worn down,
And hirpling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before.
Then weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' bread ;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed !

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

AWAY, away o'er the feathery crest
Of the beautiful blue are we ;
For our toil-lot lies on its boiling breast,
And our wealth's in the glorious sea :
And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the fiercest night,
To the God of the sons of toil,
As we cleft the wave by its own white light,
And bore off its scaly spoil.
Then oh ! for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again ;
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh, their fathers must be men.

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud and long,
 That we hear our offsprings' cries—
 And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and strong,
 Of the tears in their mothers' eyes; [green,
 And we'll reel through the clutch of the shiv'ring
 For the warm, warm clasp at home—
 For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,
 And her arms, like the flying foam.
 Then oh! for the long and the strong oar-sweep
 We have given, and will again;
 For when children's weal lies in the deep,
 Oh, their fathers *must* be men.
 And if death, at times, through a foamy cloud,
 On the brown-brow'd boatman glares,
 He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud
 As the form of a mortal bears.
 And oh! 'twere glorious, sure, to die
 In our toils, for some on shore,
 With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky,
 And a hand on the broken oar.
 Then oh! for a long, strong, steady sweep;
 Hold to it—hurrah—dash on;
 If our babes must fast till we rob the deep,
 'Tis time that we had begun.

THE FISHER-BOY'S SONG.

J. E. CARPENTER.—Music at Brewer and Co.'s.

SWEETLY our song sounds over the sea,
 Night closes round us, happy are we!
 Spreading our nets while sailing along,
 Gaily we troll the fisher-boy's song.
 Morning our toil will with plenty repay,
 Then to the market we'll gaily away;
 Bright eyes there wait our returning,
 And watch for the dawn of the day.

Gaily, still gaily, over the sea,
 Fisher-boys, danger scorning,
 Who are so gay, so happy as we,
 When singing from night to morning?
 Loud blows the wind, but no danger we fear;
 Far from the land, where no breakers are near.
 Gaily, then, danger scorning,
 Sing we till break of day.

THE FISHING-BOAT.

MARY HOWITT.

GOING OUT.

BRISKLY blows the evening gale,
 Fresh and free it blows;
 Blessings on the fishing-boat,
 How merrily she goes!
 CHRIST He loved the fishermen;
 Walking by the sea,
 How he bless'd the fishing-boats
 Down in Galilee!
 Dark the night, and wild the wave,
 CHRIST the boat is keeping;
 Trust in Him, and have no fear,
 Though He seemeth sleeping.

COMING IN.

Briskly blows the morning breeze,
 Fresh and strong it blows;
 Blessings on the fishing-boat,
 How steadily she goes!
 CHRIST He loved the fishermen;
 And He bless'd the net
 Which the hopeless fishers threw
 In Gennesaret.
 He has bless'd our going out,
 Bless'd, too, our returning;
 Given us laden nets at night,
 And fair wind in the morning.

For Field and Forest.

THE PLOUGHSHARE OF OLD ENGLAND.

ELIZA COOK.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

THE sailor boasts his stately ship,
 The bulwark of the isle ;
 The soldier loves his sword, and sings
 Of tented plains the while.
 But we will hang the ploughshare up
 Within our fathers' halls,
 And guard it as the deity
 Of plenteous festivals.

We'll pluck the brilliant poppies,
 And the far-famed barley-corn,
 To wreathe with bursting wheat-cars
 That outshine the saffron morn ;
 We'll crown it with a glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,
 The ploughshare of old England,
 And the sturdy peasant band.

The work it does is good and blest,
 And may be proudly told ;
 We see it in the teeming barns
 And fields of waving gold.
 Its metal is unsullied,
 No blood-stain lingers there ;
 God speed it well, and let it
 Thrive unshackled everywhere.

The bark may rest upon the wave,
 The spear may gather dust ;
 But never may the prow that cuts
 The furrow lie and rust.
 Fill up, fill up, with glowing heart,
 And pledge our fertile land,
 The ploughshare of old England,
 And the sturdy peasant band.

HEART-MUSIC.

THE PLOUGH.

In "Practice Songs," Nos. III., IV. Ward and Co. Price

THE teams are waiting in the field,
The ploughmen all a row,
As brisk and gay as birds in May,
They make a goodly show.
The farmer stands and sees all hands
Turn'd out and ready now ;
Yet ere they start, with all our heart,
We'll say, " God speed the plough."
We till the field, but He must yield
The sunshine and the rains.
In hope we plough, in hope we sow,
That He may bless our pains.
With willing mind and ready hand
Away to labour go !
Bear even weight, make furrow straight,
But say, " God speed the plough !"

THE MERRY PLOUGHMAN.

As I was a-wand'ring ae morning in spring,
I heard a merry ploughman sae sweetly to sing ;
And as he was singin', thae words he did say,
" There's nae life like the ploughman's in the mo
o' sweet May.
The lav'rock in the morning she'll rise frae her nest
And mount to the air wi' the dew on her breast ;
And wi' the merry ploughman she'll whistle and sing
And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

THE FARMER'S BOY.

THE sun had set behind yon hills,
Across the dreary moor,
When weary and lame a poor boy came,
Up to a farmer's door.

"Can you tell me," said he, "if any there be
That will give me employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy?"

"My father is dead—and mother is left
With her five children small,
And what is worse for my mother still,
I'm the biggest of them all:
Though little I be, I fear no work,
If you will me employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy.

"And if you will not me employ,
One favour I will ask,
To shelter me till break of day,
From this night's bitter blast.
And at break of day I'll trudge away,
Elsewhere to seek employ,
To plough and sow, reap and mow,
And be a farmer's boy."

The farmer's wife cries, "Try the lad,
Let him no further seek:"
"O yes, dear father," the daughter cries,
While tears ran down her cheek,
"For those that will work, it's hard to want,
And wander for employ.
Don't turn him away, but let him stay.
And be your farmer's boy."

In course of time he grew a man,
The good old farmer died,
And left the lad the farm he had,
And his daughter to his bride;
Now the lad that was, the farmer is,
And oft he thinks with joy,
On the lucky, lucky day he came that way,
To be a farmer's boy.

HEART-MUSIC.

THE BRITISH FARMER.

J. E. CARPENTER.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

HERE's a song for the British farmer bold,
With his golden grain and his cattle-fold ;
A loftier theme perchance may be,
But here's power and wealth to his old roof-tree.
The sailor may honour the rolling seas,
The soldier may boast of his victories ;
But they fight for the land, and stand or fall,
For the tillage and plough that give health to all.
Here's a song for the British farmer bold,
With his golden grain and his cattle-fold
A loftier theme perchance may be,
But here's power and wealth to his
roof-tree.

All titles and honour and power must yield
To him who rules in the harvest-field,
For kings of the soil are the good and the brave,
Who till the land where the corn-fields wave.
Whose flocks are fed on the herbage green,
Whose countless herds in the vales are seen,
Whose home is content, and whose blessing is heal
And whose labour gives to our isle its wealth.
Here's a song for the British farmer bold,
With his golden grain and his cattle-fold,
A loftier theme perchance may be,
But here's power and wealth to his
roof-tree.

THE PEASANTRY OF ENGLAND.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

THE peasantry of England,
The merry hearts and free ;
The sword may boast a braver band,
But give the scythe to me.

Give me the frame of industry,
 Worth all your classic tomes.
 God guard the English peasantry,
 And bless their happy homes.

The sinews of old England,
 The bulwark of the soil,
 How much we owe each manly hand,
 Thus fearless of its toil !

Oh ! he who loves the harvest free,
 Will sing where'er he roams.
 God bless the English peasantry,
 And give them happy homes.

God speed the plough of England,
 We'll hail thee with three cheers,
 And here's to those whose labour plann'd
 The all which life endears.

May still the wealth of industry
 Be seen where'er man roams ;
 A cheer for England's peasantry,
 God send them happy homes.

THE KINGS OF THE SOIL.

E. H. BURRINGTON.

BLACK sin may nestle below a crest,
 And crime below a crown ;
 As good hearts beat 'neath a fustian vest
 As under a silken gown.
 Shall tales be told of the chiefs who sold
 Their sinews to crush and kill,
 And never a word be sung or heard
 Of the men who reap and till ?
 I bow in thanks to the sturdy throng
 Who greet the young morn with toil,
 And the burden I give my earnest song
Shall be this—the Kings of the Soil !

Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head :—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
To withhold or to offer bread !

Proud ships may hold both silver and gold,
The wealth of a distant strand ;
But ships would rot, and be valued not,
Were there none to till the land.
The wildest heath, and the wildest brake,
Are rich as the richest fleet,
For they gladden the wild birds when they wake,
And give them food to eat.
And with willing hand, and spade, and plough,
The gladdening hour shall come,
When that which is call'd the "waste land" now
Shall ring with the "harvest home."

Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head :—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
To withhold or to offer bread.

I value him whose foot can tread
By the corn his hand hath sown ;
When he hears the stir of the yellow reed,
It is *more* than music's tone.
There are prophet-sounds that stir the grain,
When its golden stalks shoot up ;
Voices that tell how a world of men
Shall daily dine and sup.
Then shame, oh, shame, on the miser creed,
Which holds back praise or pay
From the men whose hands make rich the lands,
For who earn it more than they ?
Then sing for the Kings who have no crown
But the blue sky o'er their head :—
Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
To withhold or to offer bread.

The poet hath gladden'd with song the past,
 And still sweetly he striketh the string ;
 But a brighter light on him is cast
 Who can plough as well as sing.
 The wand of Burns had a double power
 To soften the common heart,
 Since with harp and spade, in a double trade,
 He shared a common part.
 Rome lavish'd fame on the yeoman's name
 Who banish'd her deep distress,
 But had he ne'er quitted the field or plough
 His mission had scarce been less.
 Then sing for the Kings who are mission'd all
 To a toil that is rife with good ;—
 Never Sultan or Dey had such power as they,
 To withhold or to offer food.

THE BARLEY-MOWERS' SONG.

MARY HOWITT.

BARLEY-MOWERS here we stand,
 One, two, three, a steady band ;
 True of heart and strong of limb,
 Ready in our harvest-trim ;
 All a-row with spirits blithe,
 Now we whet the bended scythe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.
 Side by side now, bending low,
 Down the swaths of barley go ;
 Stroke by stroke, as true as chime
 Of the bells, we keep in time :
 Then we whet the ringing scythe,
 Standing 'mid the barley lithe.
 Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

After labour cometh ease ;
Sitting now beneath the trees,
Round we send the barley-wine,
Life infusing, clear and fine,
Then refresh'd, alert, and blythe,
Rise we all, and whet the scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Barley-mowers must be true,
Keeping still the end in view ;
One with all, and all with one,
Working on till set of sun ;
Bending all with spirits blythe,
Whetting all at once the scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Day and night, and night and day,
Time, the mower, will not stay,
We may hear him in our path
By the falling barley-swath ;
While we sing with spirits blithe,
We may hear his ringing scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

Time, the mower, cuts down all,
High and low, and great and small,
Fear him not, for we will grow
Ready like the field we mow ;
Like the bending barley lithe,
Ready for Time's whetted scythe.
Rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink, rink-a-tink a-tink.

SONG OF THE HAYMAKERS.

ELIZA COOK.

The noontide is hot, and our foreheads are brown,
Our palms are all shining and hard—
And hard is our work with the wain and the plough,
Oh! but poor is our daily reward.

But there's joy in the sunshine and mirth in the lark,
 That skims whistling away overhead;
 Our spirits are light, though our skins may be dark,
 And there's peace with our meal of brown bread.
 We dwell in the meadows and toil in the sod,
 Far away from the city's dull gloom;
 And more jolly are we, though in rags we may be,
 Than the pale faces over the loom.
 Then a song and a cheer for the bonny green stack,
 Climbing up to the sun wide and high—
 For the pitchers and rakers, and merry haymakers,
 And a beautiful midsummer sky.

Come forth, gentle ladies—come forth, noble sirs,
 Pray lend us your presence awhile,
 Your garments will take no stains from the burs,
 And a freckle won't tarnish your smile.
 Our carpet's as soft, for your delicate feet,
 As the pile of your velveted floor,
 And the scent of our greensward is surely as sweet
 As the perfume of Araby's shore.
 Come forth, noble masters, come forth to the field,
 Where freshness and health may be found;
 Where the windrows are spread for the butterfly's bed,
 And the clover-bloom falleth around.

Then a song and a cheer, &c.

"Hold fast," cries the waggoner—steady and quick,
 And then comes the hearty gee wo!
 While the cunning old team-horses manage to pick
 A sweet mouthful to munch as they go.
 The tawny-faced children come round us to play,
 And bravely they scatter the heap,
 Till the tiniest one quite outspent with the fun
 Is curl'd up with the sheep dog asleep.
 While old age sits down on the haycock's crown
 At the close of the labouring day,
 And wishes his life, like the grass at his feet,
May be pure at its passing away.

Then a song and a cheer, &c.

TAKE DOWN THE SICKLE.

C. EASTMAN.

TAKE down the sickle, boys! hurrah!
The ears of ripen'd grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand
Upon the fertile plain!
The mellow moon, the changing leaves,
The earlier setting sun,
Proclaim, at last, my merry boys,
The harvest-time begun.

Thick on the hills, to-morrow's noon
The gather'd stock must see,
And with the loads of yellow corn
Shall groan the axle-tree!
The frost, my boys, will soon be here
And winter's on the way,—
These glorious days will never, boys,
For lazy farmers stay!

Take down the sickle, boys, hurrah!
While loads of ripen'd grain
Are waiting for the reaper's hand
Upon the fruitful plain,
We'll gather up the golden corn
In thankfulness once more,
And fill with the returning seed
Our baskets and our store.

THE REAPERS.

Music in Parker's "Training School Song Book."

WITH sickles gleaming brightly
Go forth the reapers lightly,
The waving grain to shear.
The morning birds are waking,
The yellow ears are shaking,
The harvest-time is here.

Now all the landscape pleases,
While early morning breezes
So freshly round them blow.
The lark is upward springing,
And song-birds' notes are ringing,
As to the fields they go.

From morn till eve they labour,
Each sharing with his neighbour
The burden of the day.
And when their toils are ending,
The moon's bright beams descending
Will light their homeward way.

THE HARVEST TIME.

Music in "Practice Songs," No. II. Ward and Co.

COME, Autumn! crown'd with ripen'd grain
And fruits of richest flavours,
With notes of joy we hail again
The season of thy favours;
Our hearts and voices strike the chime,
The harvest time, the harvest time.

The harvest sun, how bright at noon,
As he with joy is glowing!
And oh! how sweet the harvest moon,
Her calmer radiance throwing.
By day, by night, they strike the chime,
The harvest time, the harvest time.

The lands of earth, of every clime
Are each some gift possessing,
And lift the voice of praise to Him
Who makes the gift a blessing.
With all the world we strike the chime,
The harvest time, the harvest time.

HARVEST HOME.

Music—Beethoven's "*Trink Lied*." At Bell and Daldy's,
Fleet Street. 6d.

MEN of sinew ! hale and hearty,
Brave at scythe and sickle, come,
Come and swell our gleesome party,
Reapers ! sturdy reapers, come !
Time for all things, this for leisure ;
Time for all things, this for pleasure.
Sing our merry Harvest-Home.

Mothers meek ! home-troubles leaving,
Join your husbands' joy, and come,
Honour, love, respect receiving,
From the honest-hearted, come !
Nought unmeet for woman's bearing,
Nought unmeet for woman's hearing,
Blots our merry Harvest-Home.

Maidens modest ! fear no roughness,
Fathers, brothers are we ; come !
Kind and true, despite our bluntness ;
Maidens modest ! come, then, come !
Far away be thoughts of lightness,
With your own unsullied brightness,
Maidens ! bless our Harvest-Home !

Aged folks ! our hamlet's glory,
Dames and grandsires !—all must come ;
Come and tell again the story
Of the days long bygone, come ;
Ye who with life's ills have striven,
And to whom now rest is given,
Welcome to our Harvest-Home.

Laughing children ! lend your rattle
To our merry-making ; come !
Good to hear is childhood's prattle ;
Children ! merry children, come !
Ye have work'd as hard as others,
Gleaning proud beside your mothers,
Ye must share our Harvest Home.

High and low ! with one another,
Young and old ! come, join us, come !
Each to each, in God, a brother ;
To our village high-day come !
Well it is that harvest labours,
Richly crown'd, should bind all neighbours
In a thankful Harvest-Home.

HARVEST HOME.

Now when summer's fruits are over,
Yellow harvest smiles again.
Mown the hay and stack'd the clover,
Every field is bright with grain.
Ply the sickle, merry reapers,
Soon as peeps the cheerful morn ;
Come betimes and shame the sleepers,
Snoring with their curtains drawn.
Haste, my lads, forget the trouble ;
Join the halloo largess song,
Whilst across the crackling stubble
Moves the loaded wain along.

HARVEST HYMN.

MRS. HEMANS.

Now Autumn strews on every plain
His mellow fruits and fertile grain,
And laughing plenty, crown'd with sheaves,
With purple grapes, and spreading leaves,
In rich profusion pours around
Her flowing treasures on the ground.
Oh ! mark the great, the liberal hand,
That scatters blessings o'er the land ;
And to the God of nature raise
The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The infant corn, in vernal hours,
 He nurtured with his gentle showers,
 And bade the summer clouds diffuse
 Their balmy store of genial dews.
 He mark'd the tender stem arise,
 'Till ripen'd by the glowing skies ;
 And now, matured, his work behold,
 The cheering harvest waves in gold.
 To Nature's God with joy we raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

The valleys echo to the strains
 Of blooming maids and village swains ;
 To Him they tune the lay sincere
 Whose bounty crowns the smiling year.
 The sounds from every woodland borne,
 The sighing winds that bend the corn,
 The yellow fields around, proclaim
 His mighty, everlasting name.
 To Nature's God united raise
 The grateful song, the hymn of praise.

THANKSGIVING HYMN.

O NATION, Christian nation,
 Lift high the hymn of praise !
 The God of our salvation
 Is love in all his ways.
 He blesseth us, and feedeth
 Each creature of his hand,
 To succour him that needeth,
 And gladden all the land !
 From house, and church, and city
 Let grateful incense rise ;
 The Lord of Life, in pity,
 Hath heard his creatures' cries ;
 And where, in fierce oppressing,
 Stalk'd plague, and fear, and dearth,
 He pours a triple blessing,
 To fill and fatten earth !

Gaze round in deep emotion :
 The rich and ripen'd grain
 Is like a golden ocean
 Becalm'd upon the plain ;
 And we, who late were weepers,
 Lest judgment should destroy,
 Now sing, because the reapers
 Are come again with joy.
 O, praise the Hand that giveth—
 And giveth evermore—
 To every soul that liveth,
 Abundance flowing o'er !
 For every soul He filleth
 With manna from above,
 And over all distilleth
 The unction of his love.
 Then gather, Christians, gather,
 To praise, with heart and voice,
 The good Almighty Father,
 Who biddeth you rejoice ;
 For he hath turn'd the sadness
 Of his children into mirth ;
 And we will sing with gladness
 The harvest-home of earth !

THE THRESHER.

G. BENNETT.—Music in Part III. of "School Pieces." Piper and Co. Price 1s.

Oh ! his limbs are strong as boughs of oak,
 And his thews like links of mail.
 How his quick breath streams while round him gleams
 With a whirl his mighty flail !
 For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,
 From morn till set of sun ;
And his arm and flail will never fail
Till his daily task be done.

With the first glad birds that hail the morn
He is up at work amain,
Till the old barn floor is cover'd o'er
With the sweet and pearly grain.
Oh! his heart is light as hearts will be,
With a purpose good and strong,
And his strokes keep time to catch the chime
Of his blithely caroll'd song.
For it's thump, thump, thump, with right good will,
From morn till set of sun;
And his arm and flail will never fail
Till his daily task be done.
While the boys that 'mid the corn-stacks hide,
Echo back his gleesome lay,
As they toss the chaff and shout and laugh
In the golden noon of day.
But a lesson they may read and learn,
And the Thresher makes it plain,
For the chaff he finds he gives the winds,
But he garners up the grain.
Then it's work, work, work, with a right good will,
And store the sheaves of truth;
From the precious seed strike husk and weed,
In the harvest time of youth.

MERRILY GOES THE MILL.

GEORGE COLMAN.—Music at Nelson's.

MERRILY rolls the mill-stream on,
Merrily goes the mill,
And merry to-night shall be my song,
As ever the gay lark's trill.
While the stream shall flow,
And the mill shall go,
And my garners are bravely stored,
Come all who will,
There's a welcome still
At the joyful miller's board.

Well may the miller's heart be light,
 Well may his song be gay;
 For the rich man's smile and the poor man's prayer
 Have been his for many a day.
 And they bless the name
 Of the miller's dame
 In cots where the lowly mourn;
 For want and woe
 At her coming go,
 And joy and peace return.
 Fair is the miller's daughter, too,
 With her locks of golden hair,
 With her laughing eye and sunny brow;
 Still better is she than fair.
 She hath lighten'd toil
 With her winning smile;
 And if ever his heart was sad,
 Let her sing the song
 He hath loved so long,
 And the miller's heart was glad.
 Merrily rolls, &c.

OLD DOBBIN.

ELIZA COOK.—Music by Mr. Blockley.

HE was in the forest, and turn'd on the plain,
 Tho' a steed of more worth never carried a rein;
 We found him in winter all starving and lone,
 When we offer'd his ransom, and made him our own.
 He was hardy and fleet, yet so gentle and kind,
 He would rove like a dog, without tether to bind;
 Old Dobbin we call'd him, and soon he became
 The pride of the herd-boy, the pet of the dame.
 Old Dobbin was here and Old Dobbin was there,
 Now ready for market, then off to the fair;
 He would run to the hay-field, and tug up the hill,
With the ale to the reapers, and corn to the mill.

We fun-loving urchins would group by his side,
 We might fearlessly mount him, and daringly ride ;
 He would stand at our bidding, and come at our call,
 And Dobbin, Old Dobbin, was loved by us all.

O, how cruelly sweet are the echoes that start
 When memory plays an old tune on the heart !
 Yet that heart must be one of the coldest of things
 Which replies not when childhood retouches the
 strings.

Though 'tis now long ago, still I cannot forget
 When I deck'd out his head with the azure rosette ;
 And often I wish, though I know 'tis in vain,
 To be roaming the heath with Old Dobbin again.

UP TO THE FOREST HIE.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

Up to the forest hie,
 Summer is in its prime,
 'Tis glorious now to lie
 In glades of heath and thyme.
 The bees are there before us,
 Hanging in many a flower ;
 Let us list their joyous chorus,
 Through the basking noontide hour.
 Up to the forest, &c.

Let us see the golden sun
 Amid the wood-boughs run,
 As the gales go freshly by
 Through the blue, blue summer sky.
 Let us hear again the tune,
 The chiming song that floats around,
 The woodland hum of noon.
 Up to the forest, &c.

THE WOODMAN'S SONG.

How happy is the woodman's lot!
 In the wild and tangled wood,
 Where the broad green boughs give a shady cot
 And a gleaming axe his food;
 Then fall beneath his sturdy stroke
 The pliant ash and the mighty oak.
 His axe rings well in the merry wood,
 At the early peep of day,
 In the spot where the monarch oak hath stood,
 For ages past away,
 And when the shades of eve steal o'er,
 The sound of his axe is heard no more.
 When death shall fell the parent tree,
 The younger shoot shall stand;
 In the forest-depths his grave shall be,
 When stiff the woodman's hand.
 And the axe of the son shall be heard once mor
 In the wood where his sires have worked before

THE SAPLING OAK.

COBB.

The sapling oak lost in the dell,
 Where tangled brakes its beauties spoil,
 And every infant shock repel,
 Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil.
 At length the woodman clears around,
 Where'er the noxious thickets spread,
 And high reviving o'er the ground
 The forest's monarch lifts its head.

THE BRAVE OLD OAK.

H. F. CHORLEY.—Music at Duff and Hodgson's.

A SONG to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who hath ruled in the greenwood long,
 Here's health and renown to his broad green crow
And his fifty arms so strong.

There's fear in his frown, when the sun goes down,
 And the fire in the west fades out,
 And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
 When the storm through his branches shout.

Then here's to the oak, the brave old oak,
 Who stands in his pride alone,
 And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
 When a hundred years are gone.

In the days of old, when the spring with gold,
 Had brighten'd his branches gray ;
 Through the grass at his feet crept maidens sweet,
 To gather the dew of May.
 And on that day to the rebec gay,
 They frolic'd with lovesome swains ;
 They are gone—they are dead—in the church-yard
 But the tree it still remains. [laid,

Then here's, &c.

He saw the rare times, when the Christmas chimes
 Were a merry sound to hear ;
 When the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
 Were fill'd with good English cheer.
 Now gold hath the sway—we all obey,
 And a ruthless king is he ;
 But he never shall send our ancient friend
 To be toss'd on the stormy sea. Then here's, &c.

THE GLORIOUS BRITISH OAK.

BENJAMIN GOUGH.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

FILL a goblet, merry folk, and quaff a toast with me ;
 Here's the glorious British oak, old England's lordly
 tree ;

The oak, the monarch oak, is ours o'er hill and lea,
 Beneath the woodman's stroke, or sweeping o'er the
 sea.

Then fill a goblet, merry folk,
 And quaff a toast with me,
 Here's the glorious British oak,
 Old England's lordly tree.

The twilight star of heaven,
 And the summer dew to flowers,
 And rest to us is given,
 By the soft cool ev'ning hours.

Sweet is the hour of rest,
 Pleasant the wind's low sigh,
 And the gleaming of the West,
 And the turf whereon we lie—
 When the burden and the heat
 Of labour's task is o'er,
 And kindly voices greet
 The tired one at the door.

Tuneful to the sound
 That dwells in whisp'ring boughs—
 Welcome the freshness round,
 And the gale that fans our brows.
 But rest more sweet and still
 Than nightfall ever gave,
 Our yearning hearts shall fill,
 In the world beyond the grave.

IVY GREEN.

C. DICKENS.—Music at Davidson's.

OH! a dainty plant is the ivy green
 That creepeth o'er ruins old,
 Of right choice food are his meals I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The walls must be crumbled, the stones decay
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green,
 Oh, creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.,
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Fast he stealeth on, though he wears no wings,
And a staunch old heart has he !
How closely he twineth, how tight he clings,
To his friend the huge oak tree !
And slily he traileth along the ground,
And his leaves he gently waves,
As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
The rich mould of dead men's graves.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decay'd,
And nations have scatter'd been ;
But the stout old ivy shall never fade
From its hale and hearty green.
The brave old plant, in its lonely days,
Shall fatten upon the past ;
For the stateliest building man can raise
Is the ivy's food at last.
Creeping where no life is seen,
A rare old plant is the ivy green.

THE MILKMAID.

In Parker's Collection.

HARK to yonder milkmaid singing
Cheerly o'er the brimming pail,
Cowslips all around her springing,
Sweetly paint the golden vale.
Never yet did courtly maiden
Move so sprightly, look so fair ;
Never breast with jewels laden
Pour'd a song so void of care.
Happy she by vale and mountain,
Free from fetters, blythe to rove,
Fearless tastes the crystal fountain,
Peaceful sleeps within the grove.

TO CARRY THE MILKING PAIL.

Music at Cramer and Co.'s.

YE nymphs and sylvan gods,
 That love green fields and woods,
 Where Spring newly born, herself does adorn,
 With flowers and blooming buds ;
 Come sing in the praise
 Whilst flocks do graze
 In yonder pleasant vale,
 Of those who choose their sleep to lose,
 And in cold dews, with clouted shoes,
 Do carry the milking pail.
 Goddess of the morn,
 With blushes they adorn,
 And take the fresh air, whilst linnets prepare
 A concert in each green thorn :
 The blackbird and thrush
 On every bush,
 And charming nightingale,
 In merry vein, their throats do strain,
 To entertain the jolly train
 That carry the milking pail.

THE POOR MAN'S FLOWERS.

MARY HOWITT.

AROUND the rich man's trellis'd bower
 Gay costly creepers run ;
 The poor man has his scarlet beans
 To screen him from the sun.
 And there before the little bench,
 O'ershadow'd by the bower,
 Grow southernwood and lemon thyme,
 Sweet pea and gilly-flower ;
 And pinks and clove carnations,
 Rich scented, side by side ;
 And at each end a holly-hock,
 With an edge of London pride.

HEART-MUSIC.

And here on Sabbath evenings,
Until the stars are out,
With a little one in either hand,
He walketh all about.

For though his garden-plot is small,
Him doth it satisfy;
For there's no inch of all his ground
That does not fill his eye.

It is not with the rich man thus;
For though his grounds are wide,
He looks beyond, and yet beyond,
With soul unsatisfied.

HONEST PRIDE.

JAMES SIMMONDS.—Music at Brewer and Co.'s.

LISTEN, ye tillers of the soil that gave our fathers
birth, [on ear
And I will tell you what I deem a poor man's pride
I'm proud to toil with willing hands, and earn
daily bread, [I'm f
Yet prouder still, no man can say by ill-got gain
I'm proud to see my frugal wife sit smiling by
side, [my bri
Prouder to think 'twas not for gold that she became
I'm proud to help a falling friend, and do what gains
I can, [honest m
Prouder to know the world must say that I'm
I'm proud to see my children smile as they climb
their mother's knee, [blush for
Prouder to think, when I'm no more, they can
Humble when night is gliding on to read the holy
prayer, [worldly car
And prove that there's a heavenly balm for every

I'm proud that all my actions and not my words
 alone, [throne;
 Will help to guide my children to an everlasting
 And proud am I that all the world, who see the
 course I ran,
 Must say while bending o'er my grave, "Here lies
 an honest man."

THERE'S ROOM ENOUGH FOR ALL.

H. RUSSELL.—Music at Davidson's.

WHAT need for all this fuss and strife,
 Each warring with his brother?
 Why need we, through the crowd of life,
 Keep trampling down each other?
 Is there no goal that can be won,
 Without a squeeze to gain it?
 No other way of getting on,
 Than scrambling to obtain it?
 Oh! fellow men, hear wisdom then,
 In friendly warning call;
 The world is wide, your claims divide,
 There's room enough for all!

What if the swarthy peasant find
 No field for honest labour?
 He need not idly stop behind
 To thrust aside his neighbour.
 There is a land with sunny skies,
 Which gold for toil is giving,
 Where every brawny hand that tries
 Its strength can grasp a living.
 Oh! fellow men, remember, then,
 Whatever chance befall,
 The world is wide, where those abide,
 There's room enough for all.

PILGRIM SONG.

GEORGE LUNT.

OVER the mountain wave, see where they come !
 Storm-cloud and wintry wind welcome them home ;
 Yet, where the sounding gale howls to the sea,
 There their song peals along, deep-toned and free :
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

England hath sunny dales, dearly they bloom ;
 Scotia hath heather hills, sweet their perfume ;
 Yet through the wilderness cheerful we stray,
 Native land, native land—home far away !
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

Dim grew the forest-path ; onward they trod ;
 Firm beat their noble hearts, trusting to God.
 Gray men and blooming maids, high rose their song ;
 Hear it sweep, clear and deep, ever along :
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

Not theirs the glory-wreath, torn by the blast ;
 Heavenward their holy steps, heavenward they
 pass'd !
 Green be their mossy graves ! ours be their fame !
 While their song peals along, ever the same :
 " Pilgrims and wanderers hither we come,
 Where the free dare to be—this is our home ! "

WESTWARD HO !

C. JEFFERYS.—Music at C. Jefferys'.

BROTHERS, sisters, ye who toil,
 Ply the loom, or till the soil,
 From o'ercrowded cities come,
 Seek with me a forest home.

There shall labour win its way,
 Toiling, thriving, day by day ;
 Strong in heart and hope let's go
 Through the prairies—Westward ho !
 Where the giant pine now reigns
 We will have our smiling plains ;
 Rude our first log hut may be,
 But from care it shall be free.
 Linger not, no more delay,
 Heaven itself points out the way ;
 Strong in heart and hope, then, go
 Through the prairies—Westward ho !

I CANNOT LEAVE OLD ENGLAND.

I CANNOT leave old England !
 And yet I hear them say,
 My lot will still be chequer'd
 With sorrow if I stay ;
 It is not wealth I covet,
 I only ask to share
 The blessings, few or many,
 That Heaven may deign to spare ;
 I grieve to part from many
 I never more may see,
 But England, dear old England,
 It still my home shall be.
But England, &c.

I cannot leave old England !
 Yet thickly fall my tears
 When parting from the dear ones
 I've loved through many years ;
 Oh, may their lot be brighter
 Than mine is doom'd to be !
 Yet grant me still contentment—
 'Tis wealth enough for me.

Life's sun will soon be setting
 Beneath my native sky ;
 In England, dear old England,
 There let me live and die.
In England, &c.

OLD ENGLAND IS OUR HOME.

MARY HOWITT.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

OLD England is our home, and Englishmen are we ;
 Our tongue is known in every clime, our flag in every
 sea.

We will not say that we alone the right of freedom
 know ;

There's many a land that's free beside, but England
 made it so ! [a shore,

The thunder of her battle-ship was heard on many
 But her healing words of peace are heard above the
 cannon's roar. [England !

Then let us shout for England, the world-beloved
 Let every true man shout with us, Hurrah ! hurrah !
 for England !

Mothers and wives of England, be to your birthright
 true ! [to you !

The welfare of the peopled earth is given by Heaven
 Ye bear no common sons !—the child who on your
 breast doth lie,

Though born within a peasant's shed, is meant for
 doings high ;

And let each child of England rejoice that it has
 birth, [earth !

For who is born of English blood is powerful on
 Then let us shout for England, and the great, good
 hearts of England !

Let wives and children shout with us, Hurrah !
 hurrah ! for England !

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Music at Z. T. Purday's, Holborn.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer,
 Chasing the wild deer and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

My heart's, &c.

All hail to the Highlands! all hail to the North,
 The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

My heart's, &c.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow,
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 Adieu to the forests and high-hanging woods,
 Adieu to the torrents and loud-pouring floods!

My heart's, &c.

Adieu for a while! I can ne'er forget thee,
 The land of my fathers, the soil of the free!
 I sigh for the hour that shall bid me retrace
 The path of my childhood, my own native place!

My heart's, &c.

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

C. MACKAY.

I LEFT my love in England,
 In poverty and pain,
 The tears hung heavy in my eyes,
 But hers came down like rain!
 I gave her half of all I had,
 Repress'd the rising sigh,
 For, thinking of the days to come,
 I kept my courage high.
 "Oh, farewell!" I said; "if seasons pass,
 And sunshine follows rain,
 And morning dawns on darkest night,
 You'll see me back again."

I left my love in England,
And sail'd the stormy sea,
To earn my bread by daily toil,
An honest man and free.
I wrought and strove from morn to night,
And saved my little store,
And every summer gave me wealth,
And made the little more.
Oh! at length I bought the field I plough'd,
The sunshine follow'd rain,
The morning dawn'd on that dark night,
And I went back again.
I sought my love in England,
And brought her o'er the sea;
A happy man, a happy wife,
To bless my home and me.
My farm is large, my wants are small,
I bid my care depart,
And sit beneath my own oak tree,
With proud, yet grateful heart.
Oh! the children smiling round the board
Ne'er ask'd for bread in vain:
The day has dawn'd upon the night,
The sun has follow'd rain.

MY LAND.

THOMAS DAVIS.

SHE is a rich and rare land,
Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
She is a dear and rare land—
This native land of mine.
No men than hers are braver,
Her women's hearts ne'er waver;
I'd freely die to save her,
And think my lot divine.

She's not a dull or cold land,
 No, she's a warm and bold land,
 Oh, she's a true and old land—
 This native land of mine.

Could beauty ever guard her,
 And virtue still reward her,
 No foe would cross her border,
 No friend within it pine !

Oh, she's a fresh and fair land,
 Oh, she's a true and rare land,
 Yes, she's a rare and fair land—
 This native land of mine.

THE VOTER'S SONG.

Tune—Ally Croker.

THEY knew that I was poor,
 And they thought that I was base,
 And would readily endure
 To be cover'd with disgrace.
 They judg'd me of their tribe,
 Who on dirty mammon dote,
 So they offer'd me a bribe
 For my vote, boys, my vote !
 Oh, shame upon my *bettors*
 Who would my conscience buy,
 But shall I wear their fetters?
 Not I, indeed, not I.

My vote?—it is not mine
 To do with as I will,
 To cast like pearls to swine,
 To these wallowers in ill ;
 It is my country's due,
 And I'll give it as I can
 To the honest and the true,
 Like a man, boys, a man !
 Oh, shame, &c.

I have heard of foreign countries that are very fair
 to see, [for me
 But England, dear old England, is quite fair enough
 And he that on its happy soil is not content to stay,
 May leave it when he likes, and find a better where
 he may.

We may not have the mountains which some other
 lands may show,
 Their sides adorn'd with vineyards, and their sum-
 mits crown'd with snow;
 We may not boast the grandeur, or the melanchol-
 ice grace, [terrific trace
 Which tells of Time's destroying hand, or War's
 But we have fertile valleys, we have hills, and dales
 and dells,
 Where peace and plenty smile around, and sweet
 contentment dwells;
 And we have cliffs that beetle o'er, and battle with
 the spray
 Of a thousand waves that roll around a shore as free
 as they.

There's not a sea that on its breast a hostile fleet can
 bear, [there
 But England's flag is seen to fly in stern defiance
 There's not a clime, east, west, north, south, but
 echoes with the fame
 Of England's dauntless warriors, and rings with
 England's name.
 Our ancient institutions, and our good old English
 laws,
 Have wrung from e'en our bitterest foes their wonder
 and applause.
 Oh, his must be a coward's heart who would not
 make a stand
 For altar, throne, for hearth, and home, in such
 native land!

For Foundry and Factory.

A CHEER FOR THE WORKERS.

J. RICHARDSON, in "Cassell's Working Man's Friend."

HURRAH for the men who work !

Whatever may be their trade ;

Hurrah for the men who wield the pen,

And they who use the spade !

Who earn their daily bread

By the sweat of an honest brow ;

Hurrah for the men who dig and delve,

And they who reap and plough !

Hurrah for the sturdy arm !

Hurrah for the steady will !

Hurrah for the worker's strength !

Hurrah for the worker's skill !

Hurrah for the arm that guides the plough,

And the hand that drives the quill !

Hurrah for the noble workers !

Hurrah for the young and old !

The men of worth all over the earth—

Hurrah for the workers bold !

Hurrah for the men that work,

And the trade that suits them best !

Hurrah for the six days' labour,

And the one of blessed rest !

Hurrah for the open heart !

Hurrah for the noble aim !

Hurrah for a quiet home !

Hurrah for an honest name !

Hurrah for the men who strive !

Hurrah for the men who save !

Who sit not down to sigh,

But struggle like the brave ;

To things now working on that mind
Your children's children well may owe
Blessings, that hope has ne'er defined,
Till from his busy thoughts they flow.

Thus all must work with head or hand,
For self, or others' good or ill ;
Life is ordain'd to bear, like land,
Some fruit, lie fallow as it will :
Evil has force itself to sow

Where we deny the healthy seed ;
And all our choice is this, to grow
Pasture and grain, or noisome weed.

Then in content possess your hearts,
Unenvious of each other's lot,—
For those which seem the easiest parts
Have travail which ye reckon not :
And he is happiest, bravest, best,
Who from the task within his span,
Earns for himself his evening rest,
And an increase of food for man.

NOBLEMEN.

C. H. STUART.

THE noblest men I know on earth
Are men whose hands are brown with toil ;
Who, back'd by no ancestral birth,
Hew down the woods, and till the soil ;
And thereby win a prouder fame
Than crowns a king's or warrior's name.

The working men, whate'er their task,
To carve the stone, or bear the hod,
They wear upon their honest brows
The royal stamp and seal of God !
And brighter are their drops of sweat
Than diamonds in a coronet.

HEART-MUSIC.

God bless the noble working men,
Who rear the cities of the plain,
Who dig the mines and build the ships,
Who drive the commerce of the main!
God bless them! for their swarthy hands
Have wrought the glory of all lands.

DAILY WORK.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Who lags from dread of daily work,
And his appointed task would shirk,
Commits a folly and a crime;
A soulless slave,—
A paltry knave,—
A clog upon the wheels of time.
With work to do and store of health,
The man's unworthy to be free,
Who will not give,
That he may live,
His daily toil for daily fee.

No! let us work! we only ask
Reward proportion'd to our task;
We have no quarrel with the great,
No feud with rank—
With mill or bank—
No envy of a lord's estate;
If we can earn sufficient store
To satisfy our daily need,
And can retain
For age and pain
A fraction, we are rich indeed.

No dread of toil have we or ours,
We know our worth, and weigh our power
The more we work the more we win;
Success to trade!
Success to spade!
And to the corn that's coming in!

And joy to him who o'er his task
 Remembers toil is nature's plan ;
 Who, working, thinks,
 And never sinks
 His independence as a man.
 Who only asks for humblest wealth,
 Enough for competence and health,
 And leisure when his work is done
 To read his book
 By chimney nook,
 Or stroll at setting of the sun ;
 Who toils as every man should toil,
 For fair reward, erect and free,
 These are the men—
 The best of men—
 These are the men we mean to be.

MUSIC OF LABOUR.

Mrs. F. D. GAGE.

THE banging of the hammer,
 The whirling of the plane,
 The crashing of the busy saw,
 The creaking of the crane,
 The ringing of the anvil,
 The grating of the drill,
 The clattering of the turning-lathe,
 The whirring of the mill,
 The buzzing of the spindle,
 The rattling of the loom,
 The puffing of the engine,
 The fan's continuous boom,
 The clipping of the tailor's shears,
 The driving of the awl,—
 These sounds of honest industry
 I love—I love them all.

The clicking of the magic type,
The earnest talk of men,
The toiling of the giant press,
The scratching of the pen,
The tapping of the yard-stick,
The tinkling of the scales,
The whistling of the needle
(When no bright cheek it pales),
The humming of the cooking stove,
The surging of the broom,
The pattering feet of childhood,
The housewife's busy hum,
The buzzing of the scholars,
The teacher's kindly call,—
These sounds of active industry
I love—I love them all.

I love the ploughman's whistle,
The reaper's cheerful song,
The drover's oft-repeated shout
Urging his stock along;
The bustle of the market man
As he hies him to the town,
The holloa from the tree-top
As the ripen'd fruit comes down;
The busy sound of reapers
That cut the ripen'd grain;
The thresher's joke and catch of glee
'Neath the moonlight on the plain;
The kind voice of the herdsman,
The shepherd's gentle call,—
These sounds of pleasant industry
I love—I love them all.

Oh, there's a good in labour,
If we labour but aright,
That gives vigour to the day-time,
And sweeter sleep at night;

A good that bringeth pleasure
 Even to the toiling hours,
 For duty cheers the spirit
 As dew revives the flowers.
 Then say not that Jehovah
 Gave labour as a doom;
 No, 'tis the richest mercy
 From the cradle to the tomb.
 Then let us still be doing
 Whate'er we find to do,
 With a cheerful, hopeful spirit,
 And free hand strong and true.

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

BARRY CORNWALL.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

WEAVE, brothers, weave!—swiftly throw
 The shuttle athwart the loom,
 And show us how brightly your flowers grow
 That have beauty but not perfume:
 Come, show us the rose with a hundred dyes,
 The lily that hath no spot,
 The violet deep as your true love's eyes,
 And the little forget-me-not.
 Sing, sing, brothers! weave and sing,
 'Tis good both to sing and weave;
 'Tis better to work than live idle,
 'Tis better to sing than grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—weave and bid
 The colours of sunset glow;
 Let grace in each gliding thread be hid,
 Let beauty about ye blow:
 Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
 And your hands both firm and sure;
 And time nor chance shall your work untwine,
 But all like a truth endure.

So, sing, brothers, &c.

HEART-MUSIC.

Weave, brothers, weave!—toil is ours,
But toil is the lot of man;
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One soweth the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil.
So, sing, brothers, &c.

FACTORY ROUND.

THE bobbins are twisting and twirling
With a murmuring, buzzing sound;
The swifts are steadily whirling
Around, and around, and around.
So seconds, and minutes, and hours
Are hastily passing away;
And happy are they who, like us,
Are industrious, honest, and gay.
All up! all up!
A-running, a-running, a-going!
All up! all up!
A-running, a-running, a-going!

THE BLACKSMITH.

W. J. ROSSON.—Music at Cocks and Co.'s.

TOIL, toil and work by the furnace heat,
While our voices chime with the hammer's beat,
And our brows they are crown'd with the burning sleet.
The anvil it rings with each crushing blow,
And the iron is white from the fiery glow.
One, two: one, two: hark! the hammers sing,
And round the still village the echoes ring.
One, two: one, two: that, boys, will do.
Now bend it, now weld it; now shout for the lord
Of the mighty earth—the "sharp, keen sword!"

To Tubal Cain came many a one, as he wrought by
 his roaring fire, [crown of his desire ;
 And each one prayed for a strong steel blade, as the
 And he made them weapons sharp and strong, till
 they shouted loud for glee, [the forest free.
 And gave him gifts of pearls and gold, and spoils of
 And they sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain, who hath
 given us strength anew ! [for the metal true !"
 Hurrah for the smith ! hurrah for the fire ! and hurrah

But a sudden change came o'er his head ere the set-
 ting of the sun, [had done ;
 And Tubal Cain was fill'd with pain for the evil he
 He saw that men, with rage and hate, made war
 upon their kind, [their lust for carnage blind ;
 And the land was red with the blood they shed in
 And he said, " Alas ! that ever I made, or that skill
 of mine should plan [their fellow-man !"

The spear and sword for men whose joy is to slay
 And for many a day old Tubal Cain sat brooding o'er
 his woe, [smoulder'd low ;
 And his hand forbore to smite the ore, and his furnace
 And he rose at last with a cheerful face, and a bright
 courageous eye, [the quick flames mounted high ;
 And he bared his strong right arm for work, while
 And he sang, " Hurrah for my handiwork !" and
 the red sparks lit the air ;
 " Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made !"
 and he fashion'd the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past, in friendship
 join'd their hands,
 Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
 and plough'd the willing lands ;
 And sang, " Hurrah for Tubal Cain, our staunch
 good friend is he ; [praise shall be.

And for the ploughshare and the plough to him our
But while oppression lifts its head, or a tyrant will
be lord, [forget the sword."
ough we may thank him for the plough, we'll not

SONG OF THE SHIP-BUILDER.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is gray below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin ;
The broad-axe to the gnarlèd oak,
The mallet to the pin !
Hark !—roars the bellows, blast on blast !
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge ;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.
From far-off hills, the panting team
For us is toiling near ;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axe-man's stroke
In forests old and still ;
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill.
Up !—up !—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part ;
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human art.
Lay rib to rib, and beam to beam,
And drive the tree-nails free ;
Nor faithless joint, nor yawning seam,
Shall tempt the searching sea !
Ho ! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free !
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea ?

Look ! how she moves adown the grooves,
 In graceful beauty now !
 How lowly on the breast she loves
 Sinks down her virgin prow !
 God bless her ! wheresoe'er the breeze
 Her snowy wing shall fan,
 Aside the frozen Hebrides,
 Or sultry Hindostan ;
 Where'er in mart, or on the main,
 With peaceful flag unfurl'd,
 She helps to wind the silken chain
 Of commerce round the world !

GOOD HEART AND WILLING HAND.

CHARLES MACKAY.

IN storms or shine, two friends of mine,
 Go forth to work or play ;
 And when they visit poor men's homes
 They bless them by the way.
 'Tis willing hand ! 'tis cheerful heart !
 The two best friends I know ;
 Around the hearth come joy and mirth,
 Where'er their faces glow.
 Come shine—'tis bright ! Come dark—'tis
 Come cold, 'tis warm ere long ; [light !
 So heavily fall the hammer stroke,
 Merrily sound the song.
 Who falls may stand, if good right hand
 Is first, not second best ;
 Who weeps may sing, if kindly heart
 Has lodging in his breast.
 The humblest board has dainties pour'd,
 When they sit down to dine ;
The crust they eat is honey sweet,
The water good as wine.

They fill the purse with honest gold ;
They lead no creature wrong ;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke !
Merrily sound the song.

Without these twain the poor complain
Of evils hard to bear,
But with them poverty grows rich,
And finds a loaf to spare !
Their looks are fire, their words inspire,
Their deeds give courage high ;
About their knees the children run,
Or climb, they know not why.
Who sails, or rides, or walks with them,
Ne'er finds the journey long ;
So heavily fall the hammer stroke !
Merrily sound the song !

THE BRITISH ANCHOR.

E. J. LODER.—Music at Cramer's.

FILL up your mystic fires, a noble work is thine,
Who forge the British anchors, the dwellers of the
brine ; [keep,
It seemeth round the lurid flame some magic rite ye
Creating from that shapeless mass the diver of the
deep ; [spot,
No sound is in the old dockyard, all hearts are in one
Where now the living liquid fire is raging white and
hot. [prowess keep ;
The signal's given—strike, stalwart men, your lion
Huzza ! they've forged the anchor, the diver of the
deep ! [free,
Oh, the anchors of our navy are the emblems of the
They guard our giant ships from wreck on many a
stormy sea ;
They tell the brave and gallant hearts that dwell
upon the main, [tish shores again.
What joys shall greet them when they sleep on Bri-

Then honour to the anchor, though it never
 abide, [neath the
 While there's war upon the billow, in its home
 For the ploughers of the ocean their name and
 must keep, [c
 As strong, as firm, as faithful, as the diver of

STRIKE THE IRON WHILE IT'S HOT.

J. E. CARPENTER.—Music at B. Williams's.

WITH the light be up and doing,
 For there's danger in delay;
 Hope deferr'd but leads to ruin,
 Now or never, wins the day.
 With the thought the deed begin it,
 Act at once upon the spot;
 What you'd gain, the way to win it,
 Strike the iron while it's hot.

Strike the iron, &c.

Good advice ye need not spurn it,
 But the man who'll soonest rise,
 Faces danger, but to turn it,
 And upon himself relies.
 Never wait another's aiding,
 You yourself may be forgot;
 Lose no time in vain upbraiding,
 Strike the iron while it's hot.

Strike the iron, &c.

Would ye do a kindly action,
 Though your aid be vainly lent,
 There is still the satisfaction
 That the act was kindly meant.
 Pause not then to ask another,
 If to do the deed or not,
 Look on each as on a brother,
 Strike the iron while it's hot.

Strike the iron, &c.

THE WATER DRINKER.

EDWARD JOHNSON, in "Metropolitan Magazine."

OH, water for me ! bright water for me !
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee !
 It cooleth the brow, it cooleth the brain,
 It maketh the faint one strong again ;
 It comes o'er the sense like a breeze from the sea,
 All freshness, like infant purity.
 Oh, water, bright water for me, for me !
 Give wine, give wine to the debauchee !
 Fill to the brim ! again to the brim !
 Let the flowing crystal kiss the rim !
 For my hand is steady, my eye is true,
 For I, like the flowers, drink nought but dew.
 Oh, water, bright water's a mine of wealth,
 And the ores it yieldeth are vigour and health.
 So water, pure water, for me, for me !
 And wine for the tremulous debauchee !
 Fill again to the brim ! again to the brim !
 For water strengtheneth life and limb !
 To the days of the aged it addeth length,
 To the might of the strong it addeth strength.
 It freshens the heart, it brightens the sight,
 'Tis like quaffing a goblet of morning light.
 So, water ! I will drink nought but thee,
 Thou parent of health and energy !

NO BLESSINGS IN THE BOWL.

JOHN CRITCHLEY PRINCE.

MAN of Toil, wouldst thou be free ?
 Lend thine ear to Reason's call ;
 There's folly in the Drunkard's glee—
 There's madness in the midnight brawl ;

The ribald jest, the vulgar song,
 May give a keener sting to care ;
 The riot of a reckless throng
 May lead to ruin and despair ;
 Let truth unloose thy fetter'd soul—
 There is no freedom in the bowl.

- Man of Toil, wouldst thou be wise ?
 The paths of moral right explore ;
 Pierce the human heart's disguise,
 And track its motives to the core ;
 Creation's boundless beauties scan,
 Observe its wonders—search its laws ;
 Look on the vast harmonious plan,
 And learn to love the Eternal Cause ;
 Let truth illumine thy darken'd soul—
 There is no wisdom in the bowl.

Man of Toil, wouldst thou be blest ?
 Give to thy purest feelings play ;
 Bring all that's noble to thy breast,
 Let all that's worthless pass away.
 Let generous deeds bid sorrow cease,
 Let gentlest words thy lips employ ;
 Scatter the seeds of love and peace,
 And reap a harvest full of joy :
 Let truth make glad thy harass'd soul—
 There are no blessings in the bowl.

MERRY MEN OF ENGLAND.

OH ! the merry men of England,
 They are valiant, stout, and bold,
 They've manly hearts to guard the rights
 Their fathers won of old ;
 They've sturdy frames to forge the arms
 That guard our native shore,
 And stalwart limbs to wield them, too,
As Britons did of yore ;

Though other lands are bright and gay,
The one dear spot on earth
A Briton proudly loves to own,
Is that which gave him birth.
Go 'mid the sturdy peasant band,
And tell me truly then—
What nation boasts the happy homes
Of England's merry men?

Oh! the merry men of England
Are our island's pride and boast,
They fill with stout and gallant hearts
The ships that guard our coast;
And while we praise a Nelson,
As the hero of the seas,
We'll ne'er forget the men who help
To gain the victories.
The standard of our ocean home
The breeze still proudly braves,
For never will a Briton yield
The mastery of the waves.
Oh! shout ye for our sailors bold,
And tell me truly then—
What nation boasts such gallant tars
As England's merry men?

Oh! the merry men of England—
They're loyal to their Queen,
And long to guard the British fair,
Their pride and boast has been;
They never bow nor bend, like slaves,
To those of high degree,
But with the proudest in the land
Claim equal liberty;
Yet Anarchy's destructive band
Is driven from our shore,
The people's equal laws and rights
They ask, and nothing more.

Then look the world around again,
 And tell me truly then—
 What nation boasts the happy homes
 Of England's merry men?

THE LABOURER.

STAND up!—thou art as true a man
 As moves the human mass among,
 As much a part of the great plan,
 That with creation's dawn began,
 As any of the throng.

Who is thine enemy? The high
 In station, or in wealth the chief?
 The great, who coldly pass thee by,
 With proud step and averted eye?
 Nay! nurse not such belief.

If true unto thyself thou wast,
 What were the proud one's scorn to thee?
 A feather which thou mightest cast
 Aside, as idly as the blast
 The light leaf from the tree.

No!—uncurb'd passions, low desires,
 Absence of noble self-respect;
 Death in the breast's consuming fires,
 To that high nature which aspires
 For ever, till thus check'd,—

These are thine enemies—thy worst;
 They chain thee to thy lowly lot;
 Thy labour and thy life accurst.
 Oh, stand erect! and from them burst
 And longer suffer not!

Thou art thyself thine enemy !

The great—what better they than thou ?
As theirs, is not thy will as free ?
Has God with equal favours thee
Neglected to endow ?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust ;
Nor place—uncertain as the wind !
But that thou hast, which, with thy crust
And water, may despise the lust
Of both,—a noble mind.

With this, and passions under ban,
True faith, and holy trust in God,
Thou art the peer of any man.
Look up, then, that thy little span
Of life may be well trod.

LABOUR.

A BALLAD FOR OUR MINES AND MANUFACTORIES.

FAIR work for fair wages ! it's all that we ask ;
An Englishman loves what is fair ;
We'll never complain of the toil or the task,
If livelihood comes with the care.
Fair work for fair wages ! we hope nothing else
Of the mill, or the forge, or the soil,
For the rich man who buys, and the poor man who
Must pay and be paid for his toil. [sells,
Fair work for fair wages ! we know that the claim
Is just between master and man ;
If the tables were turn'd we would serve him the
And promise we will when we can. [same,
We give to him industry, muscle, and thew,
And heartily work for his wealth ;
So he will as honestly give what is due,
Fair wages for labour in health.
Enough for the day and a bit to put by
Against sickness, and slackness, and age ;
For change and misfortune are ever too nigh,
Alike to the fool and the sage ;

But the fool in his harvest will wanton and waste,
Forgetting the winter once more,
While true British wisdom will timely make haste,
And save for the "basket and store."

Aye, wantonness freezes to want, be assured,
And drinking makes nothing to eat,
And penury's wasting by waste is secured,
And luxury starves in the street;
And many a father, with little ones pale,
So rack'd by his cares and his pains,
Might now be all right, if, when hearty and hale,
He never had squander'd his gains.

Come along, come along, man ! it's never too late,
Though drowning, we throw you a rope ;
Be quick ! and be quit of so fearful a fate,
For while there is life there is hope.
So wisely come with us, and work like the rest,
And save of your pay while you can ;
And Heaven will bless you for doing your best,
And helping yourself like a man.

For labour is money, and labour is health,
And labour is duty on earth ;
And never was honour or wisdom or wealth,
But labour has been at its birth ;
The rich, in his father, his friend, or himself,
By head or by hand must have toil'd,
And the brow that is canopied over with pelf,
By labour's own sweat has been soil'd.

HEROES.

From "Cassell's Working Man's Friend."

I SING of heroes, old and young,
Who struggle much and labour hard,
Be it with heads, or hands, or tongue,
And toiling feel their great reward ;
Who aim to set the spirit free,—
These are the heroes, boys, for me !

Not those who boast an ancient name,
 And claim their golden stores of wealth ;
 Whose honour like a burning flame,
 Consumes at once their time and health ;
 Who seem to have no mind to free,—
 They are not heroes, boys, for me.
 But he is the hero, high or low,
 Who, has he wealth or does he lack it,
 Is he fast or is he slow,
 Black be his coat, or fustian jacket ;
 Has he a mind, and is it free ?—
 That is the hero, boys, for me.
 Or rich or poor, whate'er his station ;
 In manhood's years, or vigorous youth ;
 Behold him scattering o'er the nation
 The seeds of God's eternal truth ;
 Just such a man, where'er you see,
 Is just the hero, boys, for me.

THE HERO.

ROBERT NICOLL.

My hero is na deck'd wi' gowd,
 He has nae glittering state ;
 Renown upon a field o' blood
 In war he hasna met ;
 He has na siller in his pouch,
 Nae menials at his ca' ;
 The proud o' earth frae him would turn,
 And bid him stand awa'.
 His coat is hame-spun hoddin-gray,
 His shoon are clouted sair,
 His garments, maist unhero-like,
 Are a' the waur o' wear ;
 His limbs are strong, his shoulders broad,
 His hands were made to plough ;
 He's rough without, but sound within,
 His heart is bauldy true.

He toils at e'en, he toils at morn,
His wark is never through ;
A coming life o' weary toil
Is ever in his view ;
But on he trudges, keeping aye
A stout heart to the brae,
And proud to be an honest man
Until his dying day.

His hame a hame o' happiness
And kindly love may be ;
And many a nameless dwelling-place
Like his we still may see.
His happy altar-hearth sae bright
Is ever bleezing there,
And cheerfu' faces round it set
Are an unending prayer.

The poor man in his humble hame,
Like God, who dwells aboon,
Makes happy hearts around him there,
Sae joyfu' late and soon.
His toil is sair, his toil is lang,
But weary nights and days,
Hame-happiness akin to his
A hunder-fauld repays.

Go, mock at conquerors and kings,
What happiness give they ?
Go, tell the painted butterflies
To kneel them down and pray.
Go, stand erect in manhood's pride,
Be what a man should be,
Then come, and to *my* hero bend
Upon the grass your knee.

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

R. BURNS.

Is there for honest poverty,
That hangs his head and a' that ;
The coward slave, we pass him by,
And dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What tho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-gray, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that ;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
An honest man, though e'er so poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that,
For a' that and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that,
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
 As come it will for a' that,
 When sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 May bear the gree, and a' that.
 For a' that, and a' that,
 It's coming yet, for a' that,
 That man to man the whole warld o'er,
 Shall brothers be, for a' that.

THE QUESTIONER.

R. NICOLL.

I ASK not for his lineage,
 I ask not for his name—
 If manliness be in his heart,
 He noble birth may claim.
 I care not though of world's wealth,
 But slender be his part,
 If "Yes" you answer, when I ask—
 Hath he a true man's heart?
 I ask not from what land he came,
 Nor where his youth was nursed—
 If pure the stream, it matters not
 The spot from whence it burst.
 The palace or the hovel,
 Where first his life began,
 I seek not of; but answer this—
 Is he an honest man?
 Nay, blush not now—what matters it
 Where first he drew his breath?
 A manger was the cradle-bed
 Of Him of Nazareth!
 Be nought, be any, everything—
 I care not what you be;
 If "Yes" you answer, when I ask—
 Art thou pure, true, and free?

MY FRIEND NED.

JOHN RICHARDSON.—“Cassell's Working Man's Friend.”

His hands are hard and brown and rough,
And his garments coarse and old ;
But he deems them good enough,
If they guard him from the cold.
For he has a noble mind,
And a heart that's warm and kind ;
Not a better in the land
You will find.
Living in a humble shed,
Working for his daily bread,
Fearing God and loving man—
My friend Ned.

A mind serene, a conscience clear,
These are jewels of his own ;
A heart unknown to guilt or fear,
But touch'd with sorrow's tone ;
Labour when the day's begun,
Rest and quiet when it's done ;
And he keeps upon his course
Like the sun ;
Early up and soon to bed ;
Sound in heart, and clear in head ;
And his labour is a joy—
My friend Ned.

He is brave though he is poor,
And would scorn to do a wrong ;
And his trust in God is sure,
And his faith in virtue strong ;
Like a noble-hearted wight,
Though the wrong had all the might,
He would battle with a host
For the right ;
One whom tyrants well may dread,
Bold in heart and wise in head ;
He's a hero in his soul—
My friend Ned.

Low and humble though his state,
 Poor his garment, coarse his food ;
 Where's the monarch half as great ?
 Where's the bishop half as good ?
 Proudly I would grasp his hand,
 With the noblest in the land ;
 For amongst her best and bravest
 He may stand ;
 Noble—though he toils for bread,
 Rich—though living in a shed.
 First of all my friends I rank him—
 My friend Ned.

THERE'S FORTUNE ON BEFORE U

Music at Davidson's.

THERE's fortune on before us, boys !
 We'll seek it day by day,
 And if we strive and persevere,
 'Twill meet us half the way.
 With toilful brow and stalwart arm,
 We've sought it far and near,
 Oh, never let our courage fail,
 But strive and persevere !

With honest truth and good stout heart
 Wherever we may roam,
 No thorny path or rugged road
 But leads us safely home.
 So join with head, with heart and hand
 And drive despair away,
 For better times are coming, friends ;
 We'll work and win the day.

Then courage, boys ! the day will come
 To sooth our toil and pain ;
 When happiness shall smile on us,
 And in our dwellings reign ;

And we shall live to bless the hour
 We strove to win the day,
 So fortune will our efforts crown,
 And meet us on the way !

For Wooing and Wedlock.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

THOMAS CAREW, Esq., 1630.

HEE that loves a rosie cheek,
 Or corall lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuell to maintain his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.
 But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires ;
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheekes, or lips, or eyes.

NO JEWELLED BEAUTY IS MY LOVE.

GERALD MASSEY.

No jewell'd beauty is my love ;
 Yet in her earnest face
 There's such a world of tenderness,
 She needs no other grace.
 Her smiles and voice around my life
 In light and music twine,
 And dear, oh, very dear to me,
 Is this sweet love of mine.
 Oh, joy, to know there's one fond heart
 Beats ever true to me ;
 It sets mine leaping like a lyre,
 In sweetest melody.

My soul up-springs a deity,
 To hear her voice divine !
 And dear, oh, very dear to me,
 Is this sweet love of mine.

If ever I have sigh'd for wealth,
 'Twas all for her I trow ;
 And if I win Fame's victory wreath,
 I'll twine it on her brow.
 There may be forms more beautiful,
 And souls of sunnier shine ;
 But none, oh, none so dear to me
 As this sweet love of mine.

DINNA THINK, BONNIE LASSIE.

H. MACNEIL, Esq.—Music at Wood's, Edinburgh.

OH, dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you ;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you ;
 Dinna think, bonnie lassie, I'm gaun to leave you ;
 I'll tak a stick into my hand an' come again an' see
 you.

Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'
 eerie, [eerie,
 Far's the gate ye hae to gang, dark's the night an'
 Owre the muir an' thro' the glen, ghaists mayhap will
 fear ye, [leave me.
 O stay at hame, it's late at night, an' dinna gang an'
 It's but a night an' half a day that I'll leave my
 dearie,
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 But a night an' half a day that I'll leave my dearie,
 When the sun gaes west the loch, I'll come again an'
 see ye.

For a breeze of morning moves,
 And the planet of Love is on high,
 Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
 On a bed of daffodil sky,
 To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
 To faint in his light and to die.

There has fall'n a splendid tear
 From the passion-flow'r at the gate.
 She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
 She is coming, my life, my fate.
 The red-rose cries, "She is near, she is near,"
 And the white rose weeps, "She is late ;"
 The larkspur listens, "I hear, I hear ;"
 And the lily whispers, "I wait."
 She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
 Were it ever so airy a tread,
 My heart would hear her and beat,
 Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
 My dust would hear her and beat,
 Had I lain for a century dead ;
 Would start and tremble under her feet,
 And blossom in purple and red.

A RED, RED ROSE.

R. BURNS.—Music at Z. T. Purday's.

OH, my love's like a red, red rose,
 That's newly sprung in June ;
 Oh, my love's like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.
 As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
 Sae deep in love am I ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry.
 Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ;
 And I will love thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love,
 And fare thee weel a while ;
 And I will come again, my love,
 Though it were ten thousand mile.

DARLING NELL.

THOMAS DAVIS.

WHY should not I take her unto my heart ?
 She has not a morsel of guile or art.
 Why should not I make her my happy wife,
 And love her and cherish her all my life ?
 I've met with a few of as shining eyes,
 I've met with a hundred of wilder sighs,
 I think I've met some whom I loved as well—
 But none who loved me like my Darling Nell.

She's ready to cry when I seem unkind,
 But she smothers her grief within her mind ;
 And when my spirit is soft and fond,
 She sparkles the brightest of stars beyond.
 Oh, 'twould teach the thrushes to hear her sing ;
 And her sorrow the heart of a rock would wring ;
 There never was saint but would leave his cell,
 If he thought he could marry my Darling Nell.

WINNING EYES.

ROBERT BROUGH.—Music at Campbell's.

THOU hast winning eyes, Mary,
 Glad, and passing bright ;
 Ever by their gentle fire
 Setting hearts alight ;
 Beaming, gleaming, fairly streaming
 Forth with lightsome glee !
 They must shine on somebody ;
 Oh, let them shine on me.
 Thou hast pouting lips, Mary,
 Red as ruby gem,
 Tempting as the autumn cherry
 Drooping on its stem ;

Glowing, showing dimples knowing,
 Dangerous to see!
 They must smile on somebody;
 Oh, let them smile on me.
 But thou hast a heart, Mary,
 Well its worth I know;
 How it bounds at others' pleasure—
 Melts at others' woe;
 Fairest, rarest charm thou bearest,
 Rich though others be!
 It must beat for somebody;
 Oh, let it beat for me.

FORGET THEE!

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

"FORGET thee!"—If to dream by night, and muse
 on thee by day, [pay,
 If all the worship deep and wild a poet's heart can
 If prayers in absence, breathed for thee to Heaven's
 protecting power, [an hour,
 If wingèd thoughts that flit to thee, a thousand in
 If busy Fancy blending thee with all my future lot—
 If this thou call'st "forgetting," thou indeed shalt
 be forgot!

"Forget thee!"—Bid the forest birds forget their
 sweetest tune. [the moon;
 "Forget thee!"—Bid the sea forget to swell beneath
 Bid the thirsty flowers forget to drink the eve's re-
 freshing dew; [tains wild and blue;"
 Thyself forget thine "own dear land" and its "moun-
 Forget each old familiar face, each long-remember'd
 spot— [be forgot!
 When these things are forgot by thee, then thou shalt
 Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace still calm and
 fancy free; [glad for me:
 For God forbid thy gladsome heart should grow less
 E. 2

Yet, while that heart is still unwon, oh, bid not
mine to rove, love :
But let it muse its humble faith and uncomplaining
If these preserved for patient years at last avail me
not, [forgot !
Forget me then ;—but ne'er believe that thou canst be

O SAY NOT WOMAN'S LOVE IS BOUGHT.

Роскож.—Music at Davidson's.

Oh, say not woman's love is bought
With vain and empty treasure ;
Oh, say not woman's heart is caught
By every idle pleasure.
When first her gentle bosom knows
Love's flame, it wanders never ;
Deep in her heart the passion glows—
She loves, and loves for ever !
Oh ! say not woman's false as fair ;
That like the bee she ranges,
Still seeking flowers more sweet and rare,
As fickle fancy changes :
Ah, no, the love that first can warm
Will leave her bosom never :
No second passion e'er can charm—
She loves, and loves for ever !

" MY NANNIE, O."

ROBERT BURNS.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar flows
Mang muirs and mosses many, O !
The wintry sun the day has closed,
And I'll awa' to Nannie, O !
The westlin wind blaws loud and shrill,
The night's baith mirk and rainy, O !
But I'll get my plaid, and out I'll steal,
And o'er the hills to Nannie, O !

My Nannie's charmin', sweet, and young ;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O !
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O !
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spötleß as she's bonnie, O !
 The openin' gowan, wet in dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O !
 A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O !
 But what care I how few they be—
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O !
 My riches a's my penny fee,
 And I maun guide it cannie, O
 But the world's gear ne'er troubles me,—
 My thochts are a' my Nannie, O !
 Our auld gude man delights to view
 His sheep and rye thrive bonnie, O !
 But I'm as blythe, that hauds his plou',
 And hae nae care but Nannie, O !
 Come weel, come wae, I care na by ;
 I'll tak' what Heaven will send me, O !
 Nae other care in life hae I,
 But live and love my Nannie, O !

O ! NANNIE, WILT THOU GANG WI' ME ?

T. PERCY, D.D.

O ! NANNIE, wilt thou gang wi' me,
 Nor sigh to leave the flaunting town ?
 Can silent glens have charms for thee,
 The lowly cot, and russet gown ?
 Nae langer drest in silken sheen,
 Nae langer deck'd wi' jewels rare,
 Say, canst thou quit each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

O ! Nannie, when thou'rt far away,
 Wilt thou not cast a look behind ?
 Say, canst thou face the parching ray,
 Nor shrink before the wintry wind ?
 O ! can that saft and gentlest mien
 Severest hardships learn to bear,
 Nor sad, regret each courtly scene,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?
 O ! Nannie, canst thou love so true,
 Through perils keen wi' me to gae ?
 Or when thy swain mishap shall rue,
 To share with him the pang of wae ?
 And when invading pains befall,
 Wilt thou assume the nurse's care,
 Nor wishful those gay scenes recal,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?
 And when, at last, thy love shall die,
 Wilt thou receive his parting breath ?
 Wilt thou repress each struggling sigh,
 And cheer with smiles the bed of death ?
 And wilt thou o'er his much-loved clay
 Strew flowers, and drop the tender tear ?
 Nor then regret those scenes so gay,
 Where thou wert fairest of the fair ?

PARTING SONG.

GREVILLE CHESTER.

THE hour is come, and we must part ;
 The bell has toll'd, and we must sever.
 Come hour ; strike bell ; my steadfast heart
 Is bound to thee, sweet love, for ever.
 The hour is come, and we must part,
 I o'er the salt sea-waves must roam ;
 Though ocean roll between, take heart,
Sweet love, thou art my only home.

Thou art my home, and unto thee
 My every thought will ever turn ;
 Thou art my home, no stormy sea
 Can quench the flame with which I burn.
 The hour is come, and we must part ;
 The bell has struck our parting knell ;
 Thou know'st me true, sweet love, take heart,
 One parting kiss, and then farewell.

I'M OWRE YOUNG TO MARRY YET.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet ;
 I am my mammy's ain bairn,
 Nor of my hame am weary yet,
 And I would have ye learn, lads,
 That ye for me must tarry yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

I'm owre young, I'm owre young,
 I'm owre young to marry yet,
 I'm owre young, 'twould be a sin
 To tak me frae my mammy yet ;
 For I hae had my ain way,
 Nane dare to contradict me yet,
 So soon to say I wad obey.
 In truth I darena venture yet.
 For I'm owre young, &c.

SHALL I, WASTING IN DESPAIR.

G. WITHERS.—Music at Cocks and Co.'s.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
 Die because a woman's fair ?
 Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
 Because another's rosy are ?

Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowering meads in May;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how fair she be?

Be she kind, or meek, or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair:
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve.
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn and let her go:
If she be not made for me,
What care I for whom she be?

THE ENGLISHMAN'S WIFE.

J. E. CARPENTER.—Music at J. Williams's.

'Tis a libel on woman to say, through the casement
Love flies when grim poverty comes to the door;
For the heart that is noble ne'er feels it debasement
To love when the loved one is wealthy no more.
There are ties that are felt in the time of dejection,
That link us more closely to love and to life,
And who the world's trials can bring to subjection
Like she who must share them,—an Englishman's
wife?

We should fail, we should sink 'neath the weight o
our sorrow,
Were it not that for others we struggle to thrive;
And our children might clamour with hunger to
morrow,
If we fail'd for a day to be hopeful and strive.
Then what though our future be sunless and dreary
And the path we now traverse the down-hill of life
Though scanty the board, still the home may be cheery
Illumed by the bright smiles of children and wife

A WIFE IS THE MAIN THING.

N. STONE.

"OH, I'm a poor unlucky wight
As ever there was born, sir,
There's nothing in my house that's right,
'Tis lonely and forlorn, sir;
I've cash enough, and pay it well,
To keep my house in order,
But ne'er can get a decent meal
Though plentiful my larder;
'Tis overdone or underdone,
Perhaps not done at all, sir;
No man had ever such a home
In all this dreary world, sir.

"My coat is at the elbows out,
I ne'er can get it mended;
My shirts are scorch'd in ironing,
My vest to ribbons rended;
My stockings down unto the ground,
I ne'er can keep a garter;
And if they e'er get wash'd at all
It's sure in dirty water.
There's nothing done that should be done,
And if it's done at all, sir,
It better never had been done,
Than done so very ill, sir."

"Go, get a wife,"—the old man said,
"Nor sit ye here complaining;
Of wedlock never be afraid,
A prudent wife's the main thing;
She'll keep your house, she'll mend your clothes,
And chat and sing the while, sir;
And when at eve you hasten home,
She'll meet you with a smile, sir.
And all that's done will be well done,
And done without complaining;
If e'er you'd have a pleasant home,
A wife—a wife's the main thing."

Jack quickly took the sage advice,
 And woo'd a farmer's daughter,
 And never did he rue the day
 When home a bride he brought her.
 His clothes are always clean and neat,
 His house is like a palace;
 His cooking that a king might eat,
 And do it with a relish.
 And now he is a happy man,
 He never goes complaining;
 But with a joyous smile declares
 A wife—a wife's the main thing.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

SUSANNA BLAMIRE.

AND ye shall walk in silk attire,
 And siller hae to spare;
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Donald mair!
 Oh, wha would wear a silken gown
 Wi' a puir broken heart?
 Or what's to me a siller crown,
 Gin frae my love I part?
And ye, &c.

I wadna walk in silk attire,
 Nor braid wi' gowd my hair;
 Gin he whose faith is pledged wi' mine
 Were wrang'd and grieving sair.
 Frae infancy he loved me still,
 And still my heart shall prove
 How weel it can those vows fulfil,
 Which first repaid his love.
I wadna, &c.

THE WEDDING RING.

C. NEATE.

I GIVE thee, dear, this little ring,
This plain, this unadorned thing;
Yet well I ween, for love's own sake,
The dearest gift that love can make;
For oh, how much of bliss is bound
Within this small and holy round.
Oh, bond, all earthly bonds above!
It binds our joys together, love;
Henceforth there is no bliss for me
But 'tis reflected back from thee;
And not a smile that cheek shall wear
But kindles up its fellow here.
It binds our woes together too,
Mine will be lighter shared by you;
And oh, if ever grief should dare
That gentle heart to venture near,
The joy, the mournful joy, 'twill be
To sit beside and comfort thee.

THE BRIDE.

OH, take her, but be faithful still,
And may the bridal vow
Be sacred held in after-years,
And warmly breathed as now!
Remember, 'tis no common tie
That binds her youthful heart,
'Tis one that only truth should weave,
And only death can part.
The joys of childhood's happy hour,
This home of riper years,
The treasured scenes of early youth,
In sunshine and in tears;
The purest hopes her bosom knew
When her young heart was free,—
All these, and more, she now resigns,
To brave the world with thee.

Her lot in life is fix'd with thine,
 Its good and ill to share;
 And well I know 'twill be her pride
 To sooth each sorrow there.
 Then take her, and may fleeting time
 Mark only joys increase;
 And may your days glide sweetly on
 In happiness and peace.

BRIDE SONG.

From the Swedish.

WHEN the bride with full heart swelling,
 Tearful leaves her childhood's dwelling,
 Mothers' hearts in prayers are telling,
 Faith is needed there.

Who through life will still protect her?
 He alone who doth respect her,
 Who with truth's pure words hath woo'd her,
 We can trust his care.

BONNIE WEE WIFE.

ROBERT BURNS.—Music at May's.

SHE is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,
 I never lo'ed a dearer,
 And neist my heart I'll wear her,
 For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,
 She is a handsome wee thing,
 She is a bonnie wee thing,
 This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack we share it,
 The warstle and the care o't:
 Wi' her I'd blithely bear it,
 And think my lot divine.

PRETTY ANNIE LEE.

Oh, sweet her smile, the bonnie smile,
So full of life and glee ;
Oh, the brightest star that lights our glen
Is pretty Annie Lee.
The blush of morn plays on her cheek
With sunshine soft and fair ;
No frown hath ever dimm'd the bloom
That loves to circle there.
I loved her once, I love her still,
She's all the world to me !
Her smiles now light our cottage home,
She's mine, sweet Annie Lee.
And should the gathering shades of time
Steal round us with decay,
I'll heed them not, if they but leave
One smile of hers to play.

THE ANGELS OF THE HOUSE.

'Tis said that ever round our path
The unseen angels stray,
Who give us blissful dreams by night,
And guard our steps by day.
But there's an angel in the house,
Meek, watchful, and sincere,
That whispers words of hope to us
When none beside are near ;
It is the one, the chosen one,
That's link'd to us for life,
The angel of the happy home,
The faithful, trusting wife.
'Tis said that angels walk the earth ;
I'm sure it must be so,
When round our path, scarce seen by us,
Such bright things come and go.

Are there not beings by our side,
 As fair as angels are,
 As pure, as stainless, as the forms
 That dwell beyond the star?
 Yes! there are angels of the earth,
 Pure, innocent, and mild,
 The angels of our hearts and homes,
 Each loved and loving child.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

J. E. CARPENTER.

HOUSEHOLD treasures! Household treasures!
 Are they jewels rich and rare,
 Or gems of rarest workmanship,
 Or gold and silver ware?
 Ask the mother as she gazes
 On her little ones at play:
 Household treasures! Household treasures!
 Happy children—ye are they.

Household treasures! Household treasures!
 Are they on the painted walls,
 Where o'er the highest works of art
 The mellow twilight falls?
 Ask the widow as she gazes
 On the forms she views once more;
 Are they pictures, household treasures?
 'Tis of those we loved of yore!

Household treasures! Household treasures!
 How they cling around my heart,
 With many a sad but soothing strain
 That never can depart!
 The dear old clock—the harp unstrung—
 But most the vacant chair!
 Household treasures! Household treasures!
 Of our love ye claim a share.

FATHER IS COMING.

MARY HOWITT.

THE clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done;
Sweep up the hearth and mend the fire,
And put the kettle on.
The wild night-wind is blowing cold—
'Tis dreary crossing o'er the wold.
He's crossing o'er the wold apace,
He's stronger than the storm;
He does not feel the cold—not he,
His heart it is so warm.
For father's heart is stout and true,
As ever human bosom knew.
He makes all toil, all hardship light:
Would all men were the same!
So ready to be pleased, so kind,
So very slow to blame!
Folks need not be unkind, austere,
For love hath readier will than fear.
Nay, do not close the shutters, child,
For far along the lane
The little window looks, and he
Can see it shining plain.
I've heard him say he loves to mark
The cheerful firelight through the dark.
And we'll do all that father likes;
His wishes are so few—
Would they were more!—that every hour
Some wish of his I knew!
I'm sure it makes a happy day
When I can please him any way.
I know he's coming by this sign,
That baby's almost wild;
See how he laughs, and crows, and stares!
Heaven bless the merry child!
He's father's self in face and limb,
And father's heart is strong in him.

Hark ! hark ! I hear his footsteps now ;
 He's through the garden-gate.
 Run, little Bess, and ope the door,
 And do not let him wait.
 Shout, baby, shout, and clap thy hands,
 For father on the threshold stands !

TRUE LOVE.

MARY HOWITT.

THERE are furrows on thy brow, wife,
 Thy hair is thin and gray,
 And the light that once was in thine eye
 Hath sorrow stol'n away ;
 Thou art no longer fair, wife,
 The rose has left thy cheek,
 And thy once firm and graceful form
 Is wasted now, and weak.
 But thy heart is just as warm, wife,
 As when we first were wed—
 As when thy merry eye was bright,
 And thy smooth cheek was red.
 Ah ! that is long ago, wife,
 We thought not then of care ;
 We then were spendthrifts of our joy,
 We now have none to spare.
 Well, well dost thou remember, wife,
 The little child we laid—
 The three-years' darling, fair and pure !—
 Beneath the yew-tree's shade.
 The worth from life was gone, wife,
 We said, with foolish tongue ;
 But we've bless'd, since then, the Chastener
 Who took the child so young.
 There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,
 Who lived to manhood's prime ;
 Would God I could have died for him,
 Who died before his time !

There is Jane, thy second self, wife,

A thing of sin and shame :

Our poorest neighbours pity us

When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,

I nursed her on my knee ;

And the evil, woeful ways she took

Were never taught by thee.

We were proud of her fair face, wife ;

And I have tamely stood,

And not avenged her downfall

In her betrayer's blood.

The thought was in my mind, wife ;

I cursed him to his face,

But he was rich, and I was poor—

The rich know no disgrace.

The gallows would have had me, wife—

For that I did not care ;

The only thing that saved his life

Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,

That calms my madden'd brain :

Thy furrow'd cheek, thy hollow eye,

Thy look of patient pain ;

Thy lips that never smile, wife,

Thy bloodless cheeks and wan,

Thy form, which once was beautiful,

Whose beauty now is gone ;

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,

They fill my eyes with tears.

We have borne so much together

Through these long thirty years,

That I will meekly bear, wife,

What God appointeth here,

Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup

Another bitter tear.

Let the betrayer live, wife :
 Be this our only prayer,
 That grief may send our prodigal
 Back to the father's care.
 Give me thy faithful hand, wife :
 O God, who reign'st above,
 We bless Thee, in our misery,
 For one sure solace—love !

TIME AND LOVE.

J. G. GRANT, Esq.

POETS tell us that Time hath wings,
 And I think it's true, I think it's true !
 He is one of the fleetest feather'd things
 That ever flew, that ever flew !
 For have I not loved ? and have I not felt
 How love's sweet hours to moments melt ?
 And sweet with delight
 Is day in its flight,
 And we chide the dawn that chases the night
 Now when hath Time these rapid wings ?
 Now when doth Time so swiftly fly ?
 I hear a bird that sweetly sings,
 And to my soul glad answer brings,
 " When those we love are nigh ! "

Ah ! Time hath crutches as well as wings !
 And oft, no creeping thing except,
 He is one of the slowest creeping things
 That ever crept, that ever crept !
 For have I not loved, yet, day by day,
 Felt moments creep like ages away ?
 And over my head,
 With feet of lead,
 Coldly, darkly, heavily tread ?
 Now when doth Time thus lose his wings ?
 Now when goes Time thus crawling on ?

With other voice the sweet bird sings,
 And to my soul sad answer brings,
 "When those we love are gone!"

THE FIRST WHITE TRESS.

A SILVER tress is 'mid thy hair
 I never saw before—
 The first that Time hath woven there,
 To warn thee youth is o'er.
 But think not I can love thee less
 Because thy youth departs ;
 Ah ! no ; that little silver tress
 More closely binds our hearts.
 It is decreed that youth must pass—
 Why should it be deplored ?
 For in our child (as in a glass)
 I see thy charms restored.
 Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face,
 And nut-brown is her hair ;
 Like thine, sweet love, ere I could trace
 One tress of silver there.

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

Only the first and last stanzas are by Burns ; those between
 by an unknown hand.

JOHN ANDERSON, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bauld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 Yet blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo !

John Anderson, my jo, John,
When Nature first began
To try her cannie hand, John,
Her master-work was man ;
And you amang them a', John,
Sae trig from tap to toe ;
She proved to be nae journeyman,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Ye were my first conceit,
And ye need na' think it strange, John,
Tho' I ca' ye trim and neat ;
Tho' some folks say ye're auld, John,
I never think ye so,
But I think ye're a' the same to me,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
We've seen our bairns' bairns,
And yet, my dear John Anderson,
I'm happy in your arms ;
And sae are ye in mine, John,
I'm sure ye'll ne'er say no,
Though the days are gane that we ha' seen,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
What pleasure does it gie
To see sae many sprouts, John,
Spring up 'tween you and me !
And ilka lad and lass, John,
In our footsteps to go,
Makes perfect heaven here on earth,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
Frae year to year we've pass'd,
And soon that year maun come, John,
Will bring us to our last ;

But let na that affright us, John,
 Our hearts were ne'er our foe,
 While in innocent delight we've lived,
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,
 We climb'd the hill thegither,
 And monie a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither ;
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

FOR THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

AND are ye sure the news is true ?

And are ye sure he's weel ?

Is this a time to talk o' wark ?—

Mak' haste, set by your wheel !

Is this a time to talk o' wark,

When Colin's at the door ?

Gie me my cloak, I'll to the quay,

And see him come ashore.

For there's nae luck about the house,

There's nae luck ava ;

There's little pleasure in the house,

When our gudeman's awa.

Rise up and mak' a clean fireside,

Put on the meikle pot ;

Gie little Kate her cotton gown,

And Jock his Sunday's coat ;

And mak their shoon as black as slaes,

Their hose as white as snaw ;

It's a' to please my ain gudeman,

For he's been lang awa.

For there's nae luck, &c.

There are twa hens upon the bauk,
 They've fed this month and mair;
 Mak' haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw;
 It's a' for love o' my gudeman,
 For he's been lang awa.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

O, gie me down my bigonets,
 My bishop-satin gown;
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife
 That Colin's come to town;
 My Sunday shoon they maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's both leal and true.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Sae true's his word, sae smooth's his speech,
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't,
 When he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought;
 In troth, I'm like to greet.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

The cauld blasts o' the winter wind
 That thrill'd a' thro' my heart,
 They're a' blawn by—I have him safe—
 Till death we'll never part!
 But what pits parting in my head?—
 It may be far awa';
 The present moment is our ain,
 The neist we never saw.
 For there's nae luck, &c.

Since Colin's weel, I'm weel content—
I ha' nae mair to crave ;
Could I but live to mak' him blest,
I'm blest aboon the lave ;
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy with the thought ;
In troth, I'm like to greet.
For there's nae luck, &c.

MY OLD WIFE.

HENRY RUSSELL.

OLD Time has dimm'd the lustre
Of her eyes that brightly shone,
And her voice has lost the sweetness
Of its girlhood's silvery tone ;
But her heart is still as cheerful
As in early days of life—
And as fondly as I prized my bride,
I love my dear old wife !
When the spring of love was in its bloom,
And hope gave zest to youth,
We at the sacred altar stood,
And plighted vows of truth ;
And since, though changeful years have pass'd,
With joys and sorrows rife,
Yet never did I see a change
In her, my dear old wife !
Her gentle love my carès have sooth'd—
Her smiles each joy enhanced,
As fondly through progressive years
Together we've advanced.
Though calmly now the current flows,
We've known misfortune's strife,
Yet ever did she cheer my woes—
My faithful, fond old wife !

HEARTY STAVES OF

MY AULD GUDEWIFE.

There's nane like you—there's nane like you ;
youngsters blithe around us now
Bonnie a', both grit and sma',
My auld gudewife, there's nane like you.

Doubt they're dear to ither hearts,
since thae bairns atween us grew,
A mair than a' the earth to me—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

In my arms ye now ha'e lain
springs an' summers forty-two ;
Ye cheer'd my grief an' shared my joy—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

Ye were fair as ony here—
Your cheek as fresh—your een as blue ;
Ither'd, wrinkled as ye are—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

And, gudewife, when we could loup
l dance as they are dancin' now ;
Ye then—I lo'e ye now—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

Ye kye share o' love we've had,
The warld as we've warsled through ;
Auld heart dances thinking o't—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

Ye come your childer an' their joes,
' daffin unco tired I trow ;
Ye hame wi' me, my auld gudewife—
There's nane like you—there's nane like you.

Chorus—There's nane like you, &c.

For any Place and every Time.

THE WATCHWORD OF LIFE.

"NEVER GIVE UP."

M. F. TUPPER.—Music at Duncombe's:

NEVER give up! 'tis wiser and better
 Always to hope, than once despair—
 Fling off the load of doubt's cankering fetter,
 And break the dark spell of tyrannical care.
 Never give up! or the burthen may sink you;
 Providence kindly hath mingled the cup,
 And in all trials or troubles bethink you,
 The Watchword of Life must be—"Never give up."
 Never give up, &c.

Never give up! there are chances and changes
 Helping the hopeful, a hundred to one,
 And through the chaos high wisdom arranges
 Ever success, if you'll only hope on.
 Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
 Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
 And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
 Is the true Watchword of—"Never give up."
 Never give up, &c.

Never give up! though the grapeshot may rattle,
 Or the black thunder cloud over you burst—
 Stand like a rock, and the storm or the battle
 Little shall harm you, though doing their worst.
 Never give up! If adversity presses,
 Providence wisely has mingled the cup—
 And the best counsel in all your distresses
 Is the stout Watchword of—"Never give up."
 Never give up, &c.

NOW OR NEVER.

Now or never, now or never,
 Let the maxim ne'er depart!
 'Tis the watchword that for ever
 Should inspire each manly heart;
 For if justice must be render'd
 On the wrong that's done to thee,
 That no malice be engender'd,
 Now or never let it be!

Now or never—why to-morrow?
 If the deed is good to-day,
 There may lurk an age of sorrow,
 In the hour that's thrown away!
 It is better to be doing,
 For the future who can see?
 And delay may lead to ruin—
 Now or never let it be!

HAVE FAITH IN ONE ANOTHER.

Music at Z. T. Purday's.

HAVE faith in one another, when ye meet in friend-
 ship's name, [throb the same;
 For a true friend is a brother, and his heart should
 Though your paths in life may differ, since the hour
 when first ye met, [ship yet.
 Have faith in one another, ye may need that friend.
 Have faith in one another, when ye whisper love's
 fond vow, [now:
 It will not be always summer, nor always bright as
 And when winter time comes o'er ye, if some kindred
 heart ye share, [despair.
 And have faith in one another, ye shall never more
 And when winter time, &c.
 Have faith in one another, for should doubt alone
 incline, [would never shine;
 It would make this world a desert, where the sun

We have some transient sorrow, that o'ershadows us
to-day, [away.
But have faith in one another, and it soon shall pass
Have faith in one another, and let honour be your
guide,
Let the truth alone be spoken, whatever may betide ;
The false may reign a season, and oh, doubt not but
they will, [triumph still.
But have faith in one another, and the truth shall
The false may reign, &c.

AN HONEST HEART TO GUIDE US.

S. LOVER.—Music at Campbell's.

As day by day
We hold our way
Through this wide world below, boys,
With roads to cross,
We're at a loss
To know which way to go, boys;
And choice so vex'd,
When man's perplex'd,
And many a doubt has tried him,
It is not long
He'll wander wrong
With an honest heart to guide him.
When rough the way,
And dark the day,
More steadfastly we tread, boys,
Than when by flowers
In wayside bowers
We from the path are led, boys.
Oh! then, beware!
The serpent there
Is gliding close beside us!
'Twere death to stay,
So speed the way,
With an honest heart to guide us,

HEARTY STAVES OF

If Fortune's gale
Should fill our sail,
While others lose the wind, boys,
Look kindly back
Upon the track
Of luckless mates behind, boys.
If we won't heed
A friend in need,
May rocks ahead abide us!
Let's rather brave
Both wind and wave,
With an honest heart to guide us!

PERSEVERANCE, OR TRY AGAIN.

(Tune—"Duncan Grey.")

W. E. HICKSON.

'Tis a lesson you should heed,
Try, try, try again;
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try, try again.
Then your courage should appear,
For if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear,
Try, try, try again.
Once or twice tho' you should fail,
Try, try, try again;
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race;
What should you do in that case?
Try, try, try again.
If you find your task is hard,
Try, try, try again:
Time will bring you your reward,
Try, try, try again.

All that other folks can do,
 Why, with patience, should not you ?
 Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try, try again.

TRUST IN GOD, AND DO THE RIGHT.

A PSALM FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Rev. N. MACLEOD.

COURAGE, brother ! do not stumble,
 Though thy path is dark as night,
 There's a star to guide the humble :—
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

Let the road be rough and dreary,
 And its end far out of sight,
 Foot it bravely ! strong or weary—
 "Trust in God and do the right !"

Perish "policy" and cunning,
 Perish all that fears the light !
 Whether losing, whether winning—
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

Trust no party, church, or faction,
 Trust no "leaders" in the fight,
 But in every word and action,
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

Trust no lovely forms of passion,
 Fiends may look like angels bright,
 Trust no custom, "school," or fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

Simple rule and safest guiding,
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding—
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight,
 Cease from man, and look above thee—
 "Trust in God, and do the right !"

LET US SPEAK OF A MAN AS WE FIND HIM.

Music at Williams's, Cheapside.

LET us speak of a man as we find him,
 And censure alone what we see ;
 And should a man blame, let's remind him
 That from vice we are none of us free.
 If the veil from the heart could be torn,
 And the mind could be read on the brow,
 There are many we'd pass by with scorn,
 Whom we're loading with high honours now.

Let us speak of a man as we find him,
 And heed not what others may say,
 If he's frail, then a kind word will bind him,
 When coldness would turn him away :
 For the heart must be barren indeed,
 Where no bud of repentance can bloom ;
 Then pause ere you cause it to bleed ;
 On a smile or a frown hangs its doom.

THE GRASP OF FRIENDSHIP'S HAND.

J. M. MARTIN. — Music at B. Williams's.

GIVE me the grasp that is warm, kind, and ready ;
 Give me the grasp that is calm, true, and steady ;
 Give me the hand that will never deceive me—
 Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
 Soft is the palm of the delicate woman ;
 Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman ;
 Soft palm, or hard palm, it matters not—never :
 Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
 Give me the hand that has harm'd not another ;
 Give me the hand that has never forswore it ;
 Give me its grasp, that I aye may adore it.
 Lovely the palm of the fair blue-eyed maiden ;
 Horny the hand of the workman o'erladen ;
 Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never :
 Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze, and unshackled by party :
Let Friendship give me the grasps that become her,
Close as the twine of the vines in the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother ;
Give me the hand that has wrong'd not another ;
Soft palm or hard palm, it matters not—never :
Give me the hand that is friendly for ever !

SONG.

GREVILLE J. CHESTER.

WE'RE all in one boat together,
On, brothers ; brothers, on !
Come fair or come foul weather,
We must push on, push on.

We're all in one boat together,
Together, brothers, row !
And come the foulest weather,
We shall fare better so.

We're all in one boat together,
Our voyage is long, is long ;
Come fair, or come foul weather,
The stream is strong, is strong.

We're all in one boat together,
Let each for his brother strive ;
Then come the foulest weather,
All, all are sure to thrive.

We're all in one boat together,
Divided we are undone ;
Come fair, or come foul weather,
United the goal is won.

WHEN IS A MAN LESS THAN A MAN.

C. MACKAY.—Music at Davidson's.

WHEN is a man less than a man?
 When he leads or drives his friends
 To danger for his selfish ends,
 And leaves them in the evil day,
 To stand or fall as best they may;
 Then is a man less than a man!—
 Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
 When he makes a vow he fails to keep;
 When, without sowing, he would reap.
 When he would borrow, beg, or steal,
 Sooner than work for an honest meal—
 Then is a man less than a man,
 Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
 When, by misfortune stricken down,
 He whines and maudles through the town,
 But never lifts his strong right arm
 To save himself from further harm—
 Then is a man less than a man,
 Then we pity him all we can.

When is a man less than a man?
 When he acts a coward's part,
 When he betrays a woman's heart,
 And scorns, ill-uses, and deceives
 The love that lingers and believes—
 Then is a man less than a man,
 Then we pity him all we can.

THE WORLD IS ON THE MOVE.

F. L. BLANCHARD.—Music at Davidson's.

THE world is on the move,—
 Look about, look about;
 There is much we may improve,—
 Do not doubt, do not doubt;

And, for all who understand,
May be heard, throughout the land,
A gloomy warning voice at hand,
 Ringing out, ringing out.

Though gloomy hearts despond,
 At the sky, at the sky,
There's a sun to shine beyond,
 By-and-by, by-and-by.
Ere the vessel that we urge
Shall beneath the surface merge,
A beacon on the verge
 Shall be nigh, shall be nigh.

Step by step, the longest march
 It can be done, can be done ;
Single stones can form an arch,
 One by one, one by one :
And, with union, what we will
It can be accomplish'd still,—
Drops of water turn a mill :
 Singly, none ! singly, none !

Brag and bluster float as froth
 O'er the wave, o'er the wave ;
Gory treason, worse than both,
 Fools may rave, fools may rave :
But the honest hands that link
With the solemn heads that think,
And for pikes use pen and ink,
 Are the brave, are the brave !

Let us onward, then, for right,—
 Nothing more, nothing more ;
And let justice be the might
 We adore, we adore.
Build no hopes upon the sand !
For a people hand-in-hand
Can make this a better land
 Than before, than before.

HEARTY STAVES OF

On our country's blessings, all
Look around, look around ;
No tyranny nor bloodshed
Here is found, here is found :—
So with heart and voice we'll cheer
The Queen we love so dear :
Let her reign in peace, not fear
From those around, those around.

THE GOOD TIME COMING.

CHARLES MACKAY.—Music at Davidson's.

THERE'S a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray
Of the good time coming.
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger,—
We'll win our battles by its aid ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming.
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger ;—
The proper impulse has been given ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity
In the good time coming.

Nations shall not quarrel then
To prove which is the stronger,
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming.
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger ;
And Charity shall trim her lamp ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
And a poor man's family
Shall not be his misery,
In the good time coming.
Every child shall be a help
To make his right arm stronger ;
The happier he the more he has ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
Little children shall not toil
Under or above the soil,
In the good time coming ;
But shall play in healthful fields
Till limbs and mind grow stronger ;
And every one shall read and write ;—
Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming :
The people shall be temperate,
And shall love instead of hate,
In the good time coming.

They shall use and not abuse,
 And make all virtue stronger ;—
 The reformation has begun ;—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming :
 Let us aid it all we can—
 Every woman, every man,
 In the good time coming.
 Smallest helps, if rightly given,
 Make the impulse stronger—
 'Twill be strong enough one day ;—
 Wait a little longer.

THE HOPE OF THE WORLD.

(Air—"To all you Ladies now on Land.")

MAY every year but draw more near
 The time when strife shall cease,
 When truth and love all hearts shall move
 To live in joy and peace !
 Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
 For Folly still her cause maintains ;
 But the day shall yet appear
 When the might with the right and the truth shall
 be !
 And, come what there may to stand in the way,
 That day the world shall see !
 Though interest pleads that noble deeds
 The world will not regard,
 To noble minds, when duty binds,
 No sacrifice is hard !
 In vain and long-enduring wrong,
 The weak have strove against the strong ;

But the day shall yet appear
When the might with the right and the truth shall
be !

And, come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see !

Let good men ne'er of truth despair,

Though humble efforts fail ;

Oh, give not o'er until, once more,

The righteous cause prevail !

The brave and true may seem but few,

But hope has better things in view ;

And the day shall yet appear

When the might with the right and the truth shall
be !

And, come what there may to stand in the way,
That day the world shall see !

ENCOURAGEMENT.

YET one more cheer, one brotherly cheer,

To speed the good youth on his way !

There's plenty to hope and little to fear

For those who have chosen the good part here,

While it is call'd to-day.

Ah ! well do I wot the perils and snares

Of this bad world and its lust ;

Temptations and sorrows, vexations and cares,

Grow with the young heart's wheat like tares,

And worry it down to the dust !

Yet better, I know, if the spirit will pray

When trouble is near at hand,

If the heart pleads hard for grace to obey,

Brother, no sin shall lure thee astray ;

By faith thou still shalt stand.

For Heaven bends over to help and to bless,
With all a Redeemer's power,
The spirit that strives, when evils oppress,
Its God to serve and its Lord to confess
In dark temptation's hour.

Thou, then, fair brother, go cheerily forth,
And manfully do your best,
In all sincerity's warmth and worth
Go forth—be pure, be happy on earth,
And so evermore be blest!

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN !

God save our gracious Queen !
Long may Victoria reign :
God save the Queen !
Send her victorious,
Happy, and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen !

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks ;
On Thee our hopes we fix :
God save the Queen !

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign !
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing, with heart and voice,
God save the Queen !

FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Grant, Lord ! our fervent prayer ;
Still for Old England's heir
Thy love evince.
Watch o'er his early days,
Guide him in wisdom's ways,
So shall he sing Thy praise :
God save the Prince !

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

HARTLEY COLEBRIDGE.

God save our island-home !
Long live our people's hope !
God bless our Queen !
Still may our Queen be free,
Then evermore will she
Love that good liberty
Which makes her Queen !
Oh, may she prize that gem,
Bright in her diadem,
Fair on her brow !
So, to the end of days,
May God approve her ways,
And Heaven resound her praise,
As earth does now.
Lord, keep her evermore
Pure in her own heart's core,
Kind and serene.
So shall the wise and good
Rev'rence her womanhood,
And the glad multitude
Love their good Queen.
May He that dwells on high
All her thoughts sanctify !
Seraphs unseen,

Sing up in holy glee,
"Let our Queen's name still be
Omen of victory!"
God save the Queen!

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

W. E. HICKSON.

God bless our native land!
May Heaven's protecting hand
Still guard our shore!
May peace her power extend,
Foe be transform'd to friend,
And Britain's right depend
On war no more.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve the Queen;
Long may she reign!
Her heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
Her throne maintain.

May just and righteous laws
Uphold the public cause,
And bless our isle!
Home of the brave and free,
The land of liberty,
We pray that still on thee
Kind Heaven may smile.

And not this land alone,
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore!
Lord! make the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

INDEX.

For Camp and Cabin.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|---------------------------------|------|---------------------------------|------|
| The Boy in Blue | 8 | All's Well | 21 |
| The Soldier-Boy | 4 | I see them on their winding | 22 |
| The Sea-Boy's Farewell | 5 | Way | 23 |
| The Soldier's Tear | 6 | Our good Ship | 23 |
| The Sailor's Tear | 7 | A Life on the Ocean Wave..... | 23 |
| The Sailor's Farewell | 7 | I'm afloat! I'm afloat | 24 |
| A Blessing on the Outward | | What if the Sailor boldly goes. | 25 |
| Bound | 8 | What will they say in Eng- | |
| The Girl I left behind me | 9 | land? | 26 |
| Yeo heave ho..... | 10 | The Conquering Hero | 27 |
| Red, White, and Blue | 11 | The Jackets of Blue | 27 |
| Ye Mariners of England..... | 12 | The Canadian Boat Song..... | 28 |
| The British Grenadiers | 13 | The Fisherman's Song..... | 28 |
| Hearts of Oak | 14 | The Fisherman's Song..... | 33 |
| Stand to your Guns | 15 | The Mariner's Song..... | 30 |
| The Englishman | 16 | "How cheery are the Ma- | |
| Hurrah for Merry England ... | 17 | riners" | 31 |
| Rule Britannia | 18 | The Boatie rows | 32 |
| St. George's Flag of England . | 19 | The Fisher-Boy's Song | 34 |
| The Bay of Biscay | 19 | The Fishing-Boat | 35 |
| Man the Life-Boat | 20 | | |

For Field and Forest.

| | | | |
|--------------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|
| The Ploughshare of old England | 36 | The Sapling Oak | 54 |
| The Plough | 37 | The brave old Oak | 54 |
| The Merry Ploughman | 37 | The glorious British Oak | 55 |
| The Farmer's Boy | 37 | Ere around the huge Oak | 56 |
| The British Farmer | 39 | Woodman, spare that Tree | 56 |
| The Peasantry of England..... | 39 | Come to the Sunset Tree | 57 |
| The Kings of the Soil | 40 | Ivy Green | 58 |
| The Barley-Mowers' Song | 42 | The Milkmaid | 59 |
| Song of the Haymakers | 43 | To carry the Milking Pail | 60 |
| Take down the Sickie | 45 | The Poor Man's Flowers..... | 60 |
| The Reapers | 45 | Honest Pride..... | 61 |
| The Harvest Time | 46 | There's Room enough for all ... | 62 |
| Harvest Home | 47 | Pilgrim Song | 63 |
| Harvest Home | 48 | Westward Ho! | 63 |
| Harvest Hymn | 48 | I cannot leave Old England ... | 64 |
| Thanksgiving Hymn | 49 | Old England is our Home | 65 |
| The Thresher | 50 | My Heart's in the Highlands... | 66 |
| Merrily goes the Mill | 51 | Sunshine after Rain..... | 66 |
| Old Dobbin | 52 | My Land | 67 |
| Up to the Forest hie | 53 | The Voter's Song | 68 |
| The Woodman's Song | 54 | England | 69 |

For Foundry and Factory.

| | PAGE | | PAGE |
|--------------------------------|------|-------------------------------------|------|
| A Cheer for the Workers..... | 71 | The British Anchor | 8 |
| Cheer, Boys, Cheer | 72 | Strike the Iron while it's hot... 8 | |
| Work | 73 | The Water Drinker | 8 |
| Noblemen | 74 | No Blessings in the Bowl | 8 |
| Daily Work | 75 | Merry Men of England | 8 |
| Music of Labour | 76 | The Labourer | 8 |
| The Weaver's Song | 78 | Labour | 8 |
| Factory Round | 79 | Heroes | 8 |
| The Blacksmith..... | 79 | The Hero | 8 |
| The Village Blacksmith | 80 | For a' that and a' that | 8 |
| Tubal Cain..... | 81 | The Questioner | 8 |
| Song of the Ship-Builder | 83 | My Friend Ned..... | 8 |
| Good Heart and Willing Hand 84 | | There's Fortune on before us... 8 | |

For Wloing and Wledloch.

| | | | |
|---------------------------------|-----|--------------------------------|----|
| Unfading Beauty | 99 | A Wife is the main Thing..... | 11 |
| Nojewelled Beauty is my Love 99 | | And ye' shall walk in Silk | |
| Dianna think, bonnie Lassie ... | 100 | Attire..... | 11 |
| Mary of Argyle | 101 | The Wedding Ring..... | 11 |
| Annie Laurie | 102 | The Bride..... | 11 |
| Maud | 102 | Bride Song | 11 |
| A Red, Red Rose | 103 | Bonnie Wee Wife | 11 |
| Darling Nell | 104 | Pretty Annie Lee | 11 |
| Winning Eyes..... | 104 | The Angels of the House | 11 |
| Forget Thee! | 105 | Household Treasures..... | 11 |
| Oh, say not Woman's Love is | | Father is coming | 11 |
| bought | 106 | True Love | 11 |
| "My Nannie, O" | 106 | Time and Love | 11 |
| O! Nannie, wilt thou gang wi' | | The first white Tress..... | 11 |
| me | 107 | John Anderson, my Jo | 11 |
| Parting Song | 108 | For there's nae Luck about the | |
| I'm owre young to marry yet 109 | | House | 11 |
| Shall I, wasting in despair ... | 109 | My Old Wife | 11 |
| The Englishman's Wife | 110 | My Auld Gudewife..... | 11 |

For any Place and every Time.

| | | | |
|------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------|----|
| The Watchword of Life..... | 127 | Song | 11 |
| Now or Never | 128 | When is a Man less than a | |
| Have Faith in one another ... | 128 | Man? | 11 |
| An Honest Heart to guide us 129 | | The World is on the move..... | 11 |
| Perseverance, or Try Again ... | 130 | The Good Time Coming | 11 |
| Trust in God, and do the Right 131 | | The Hope of the World | 11 |
| Let us speak of a Man as we | | Encouragement | 11 |
| find him | 132 | God Save the Queen | 11 |
| The Grasp of Friendship's | | God Save the Queen | 11 |
| Hand..... | 132 | National Anthem | 11 |

5
7
8

1.

3

3

3

4

4

5

5

6

7

3

0

1

1

3

5

5





